

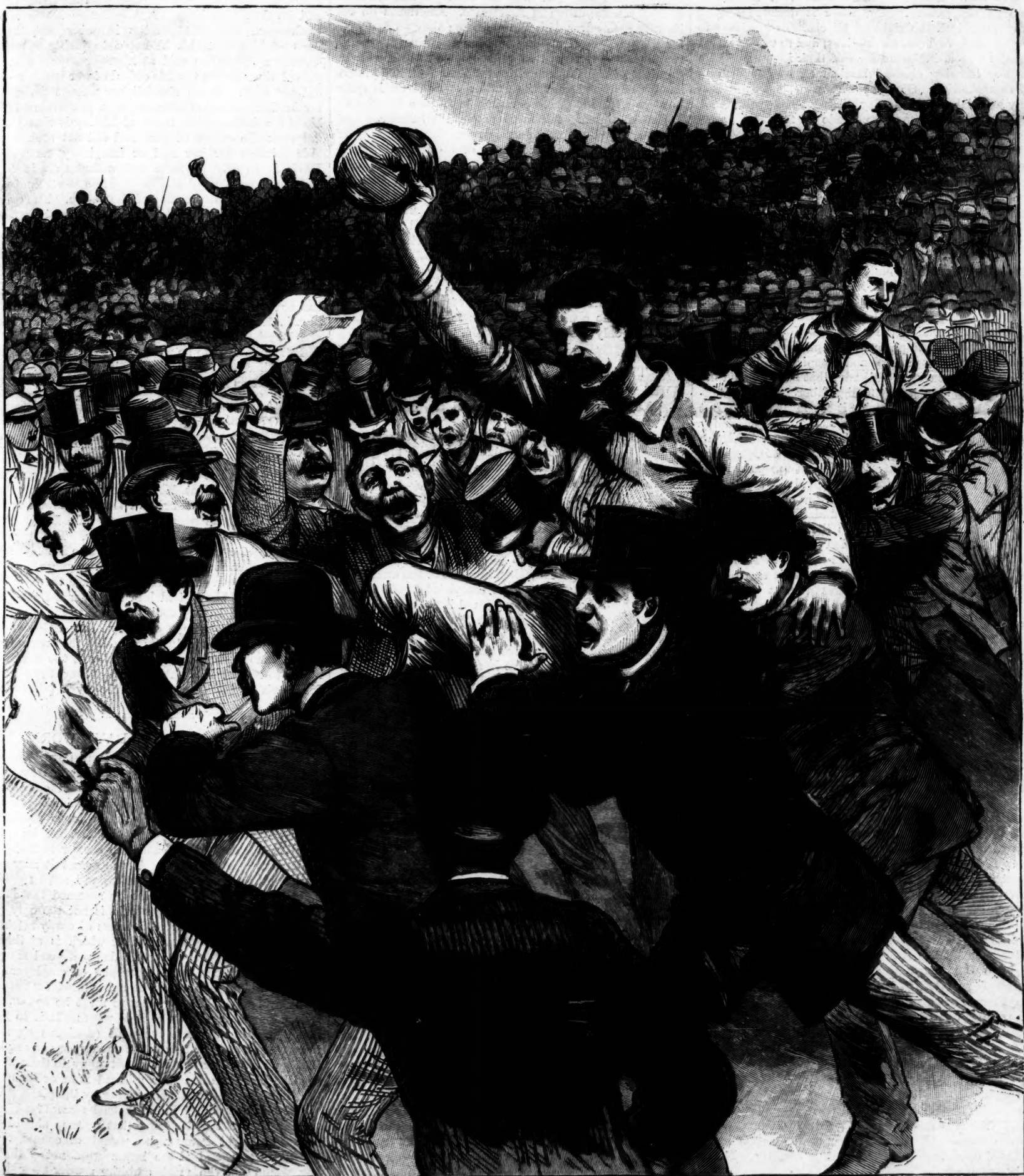
FRANK LESLIE'S  
**ILLUSTRATED**  
**NEWSPAPER**

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NEW YORK.—OPENING OF THE NATIONAL LEAGUE BASEBALL SEASON AT THE POLO GROUNDS, APRIL 29TH.  
NEW YORK VS. BOSTON: VICTORIOUS BATSMEN CARRIED ON THE SHOULDERS OF THEIR ADMIRERS.

FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 183.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.  
Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, MAY 8, 1886.

THE LABOR TROUBLES.

AS our great Civil War, with all its horrors and sacrifices, tended to close controversies that might have been fatal, and to open a new era for the country, so the prevailing strife between labor and capital may prove to be an ultimate blessing. As in the more serious forms of war, the losses and evils must be great and immediate, while the benefits may be more remote and less easy to discern. It is too soon to take any clear account of gains or losses. But some things, on both sides, are now apparent. The importance and power of organization for the purpose of bettering the condition of laboring men are generally acknowledged. We no longer treat such organization, though followed by strikes and entailing wide suffering, as an evil to be stamped out. The New York Chamber of Commerce expressed the general view, when it declared that it "fully recognized the right of all classes of citizens to unite in trade or labor associations, and to use all moral and legal means in furtherance of their interests." We have no "laboring classes," marked off by any definite or permanent line. So many who are called capitalists to-day were laborers yesterday, that sympathy with labor and desire for its elevation pervade all forms of enterprise in which labor is employed. But sympathy ends as soon as labor, in its efforts for improvement, passes beyond "moral and legal means." The capitalist who has lately been a laborer, and the laborer who hopes to be a capitalist, know equally well that immoral and illegal means must lead to ruin.

This is clearly shown by the temper of the public and the Press as exhibited within the last few weeks. Men and their actions are weighed in the balance of popular judgment all over the country. How clearly people see the difference between the motives and aims of such leaders of labor as Powderly and Chief Arthur, and such agitators as Martin Irons! How swiftly has popular condemnation overtaken the boycott! How sternly does the public judgment approve and uphold the officers of the law in punishing violence and conspiracy! These are good signs. Much of the disorder that has attended the strikes has been caused by foreign laborers, who misunderstand freedom, and mistake it for lawlessness. But they can soon be made to understand that this country is not free to lawbreakers. It was Mr. Gustav Schwab who struck the right chord in the Chamber of Commerce in offering this resolution: "That it is the paramount duty of every American citizen to uphold and strengthen the hands of the guardians of the law in maintaining law and order as the only possible foundation for the prosperity of the employed as well as the employers."

This appeal will be responded to throughout the country—in Texas and Missouri as well as in New York and Massachusetts. And such an appeal is very opportune, for it appears that in Texas a most dangerous and remarkable assault upon the law has lately been attempted. Certain local officials in that State who belonged to the Knights of Labor have been expelled because they discharged their duties under the law when the peace was disturbed by strikes. This is a form of attack that threatens the destruction of the foundations of society. If the boycott or any analogous method of coercion can be safely applied to the sheriff, the police officer, the jurymen, the lawyer or the judge engaged in maintaining public peace and punishing crime, then indeed anarchy is close at hand.

But there is no fear of such a result. In the first stages of such an outbreak as that which has been prevailing in the West much is tolerated in the hope of settlement. But when agitators grow bolder from immunity, and begin to wreck trains, and invade the rights of their fellow-laborers, it is time to put the machinery of the law to its full power.

That stage of the contest has now been reached. In the West and South the courts are asserting their authority with effect, and in New York, last week, forty-seven bench-warrants were issued in one day against men indicted for conspiracy and coercion. None but agitators and demagogues will hesitate "to uphold and strengthen the guardians of the law" in thus defending the foundations of our free government. "In union there is strength," but it must be a union for good purposes lawfully pursued. In any combination to gain any object by violence or intimidation there is fatal weakness, for safety compels all the forces of law and order to combine against it.

CHINESE REPRISALS.

RECENT mails from China indicate that the Chinese are thoroughly aroused by the outrages lately committed upon their brethren in this country. It has long been felt among those acquainted with the Chinese character that the crimes which have from time to time been perpetrated against the Chinamen living in San Francisco or Seattle put in jeopardy the life and property of the Americans living in Canton or Whampoa. Ameri-

can merchants and American missionaries reside in all parts of China. The hatred of foreigners is by no means dead in the Celestial Empire. The Viceroy is the head of the anti-foreign party. Certain sections of the country are infested with "sand-lot orators," who would gladly inflame the people to violence against the despised aliens. The reports of the outrages committed on this shore of the Pacific are at once transmitted to the other shore. The maltreatment, the boycotting, the destruction of property, the destitution and the murders which the Chinese here suffer are soon known in their native country, and the fires of revenge, it is evident, are in certain provinces—especially in Kwan-Tung, whence come a considerable share of our Chinese population—burning hotly. This point of reprisals is, therefore, an important consideration which our Government can ill afford to neglect. For the safety of American citizens dwelling in China, safety to the life and property of Chinese citizens dwelling in the United States should be assured.

A stock argument for the exclusion of the Chinese is that they do not identify themselves with this country; that the purpose of their immigration is purely pecuniary; that they come to make money; and that their savings are transmitted to their native country. The Chinese may well urge the same argument in behalf of the expulsion of Americans. Americans do not identify themselves with the Chinese; they go to China for the purpose of making money; and when they have made what they regard as sufficient, they at once shake the dust of the Chinese cities off their feet. The argument which underlies the matter of reprisals is quite as strong for the Chinese claims as for the American.

Considerations of a more material character might also be urged. Strange as it may seem, the navy of China is superior to the navy of the United States, and the coast defenses of China are far more adequate than the fortifications which are supposed to guard our Pacific borders. Canton, for instance, is thoroughly equipped for defensive and offensive warfare. Chinese men-of-war could bombard San Francisco with much greater ease than American men-of-war could overthrow Canton. It is indeed true, as a correspondent writing from that city affirms, that, "should occasion ever arise, it would be much better for our Government not to think of using force, however grave the condition of affairs might become, as it would be only courting humiliation."

THE EDUCATION OF CLERGYMEN.

THE reports of the Commissioner of Education for the fourteen years from 1870 to 1884 show a somewhat curious fact about the education of preachers—namely, that while the number of preachers has steadily kept pace with our increase of population and with the growth of the churches, the number who are trained for pulpit work at the theological schools has scarcely increased at all. In 1870 there were of all the religious sects 43,000 preachers in the United States; in 1880 the number has increased to 64,000, and during the last five years a corresponding rate of addition has been maintained. The increase not only of church property and of the number of churches and their membership, but of the number of preachers, also shows that the complaint so often made that the churches are losing ground is not supported by facts. They have kept pace with the growth of population, with the increase of the value of property, indeed with the volume of our advancing civilization in every feature. Missionary work at home and abroad, the contributions of the churches to education, their contributions also to all the humane and elevative movements of our more complex life, to the relief of suffering, to the progress of education—to every good cause—have been extended commensurately with the widening of the field for usefulness. The progress of the churches is as indisputable as the progress of railroads or of manufacturing.

But while all this has been going on, the number of men who are trained for the pulpit at our theological schools has remained almost stationary. In 1870 there were 3,254 students at theological seminaries, and after falling back a few hundred on some years, and gaining a few hundred on the other years, the number in 1875 reached 5,234. Then there was another decrease for the two following years; and in 1884 (the latest year for which the statistics have been published) there were only 5,290—but 56 more than there were nine years earlier. Yet during this period from 1870 to 1884 the number of theological schools was almost doubled, having increased from 80 to 146; and the number of teachers of theology from 339 to 750.

The obvious conclusion from this curious showing is that the increase in the ministry is almost wholly of men who have not had special theological training. They come from the people by that religious impulse to which the pulpit of all times (except those of great spiritual lethargy) has owed the most of its great names. This does not mean that the greater number of preachers are not educated; it means only that a small proportion of the men who devote themselves to the ministry have chosen their calling in their youth and prepared themselves for it by special and uninterrupted training. The impulse, or "call," has come to them while preparing for or pursuing other vocations. We suspect that the smallness of the proportion of the clergy of all sects that is prepared for work at the theological schools is a surprise to the preachers them-

selves and to most church people. But it is an evidence of the genuineness of the impulse which the great mass of clergymen have felt and followed. It argues only that our preachers are not made by square and rule, and that most of them learn theology and the humanities alike directly from the great school of experience. Theology as a mere science appeals to no greater number of men than it did two decades ago; but religion, with its inspirations and its hopes, continues to widen its appeal and to extend its conquests.

JEFFERSON DAVIS AT MONTGOMERY.

THE return of Jefferson Davis to the State capital where he took the oath to dismember the Union just twenty-five years ago was last week made the occasion of one of the most remarkable demonstrations of recent years. The aforetime leader of the Southern cause was welcomed with honors befitting a hero returning from victorious fields. He spoke the simple truth when he said that the demonstration exceeded that which welcomed him when he assumed the Presidency of the Confederacy. One would have supposed that the contrast between that day and this would have inspired him with something of sympathy with the living present and its dominant ideas. But Jefferson Davis remains unchanged. He still persists in misrepresenting the facts of history in his attempts to justify the war of secession. Thus he said at Montgomery: "You have passed through the terrible ordeal of war which Alabama did not seek. When she felt her wrongs too grievous for further toleration, she sought a peaceable solution." Now, the indisputable truth of history is that Alabama did seek the ordeal of war, and did not seek a peaceable solution for her real or imaginary wrongs. Mr. Davis is equally perverse and unfortunate in his insistence upon the doctrine of State sovereignty, and his denial of the supremacy of the nation. The question of the right of the whole people to protect themselves against the attempt of the people of a single State to withdraw from the Union has been settled, definitely and finally, and if Mr. Davis should talk and theorize for a thousand years, he could not change the fact, or answer even one of the hundred arguments proving the sovereignty, the supremacy of the Republic, and illuminating our whole political history from Hamilton and Marshall to Jackson and Lincoln.

But while it is to be regretted that Mr. Davis persists in his adherence to old fallacies, it is gratifying to know that, so far as his utterances betray hostility to the Government, they find no echo in the hearts of the Southern people. It was natural that, as the most prominent remaining figure of a struggle which they then conceived to be right, Southern men should welcome him with enthusiastic admiration. An interest attaches to his personality which is at once natural and peculiar, and manifestations like that at Montgomery should not occasion surprise. But the incidents of the day showed that the demonstration was personal; only Mr. Davis himself sought to give it any other significance. The flag of the nation floated everywhere in proof of the absolute loyalty of the people and their unconditional acquiescence in the results of the war. Had Mr. Davis asked them the question, they would have told him almost unanimously that they would not, if they could, go back to the old order of affairs. And the people of every other State are precisely of the same mind. Such being the prevalent sentiment among the masses of the South, the country can afford to regard with entire complacency the efforts of Mr. Davis to justify a fallen cause by a perversion of the facts of history.

EIGHT HOURS A DAY'S WORK.

LABOR contests and discussions will never be settled on the ground of sympathy. Generous emotion is of heavenly origin, and is the source of charity; but work-day wages must be fixed on business principles exclusively, and by the parties immediately concerned.

The question whether eight hours shall be a day's work is a complex one, and the answer to it depends on various considerations. At the outset it may safely be assumed that ten hours' wages will not be paid for eight hours' work. It may also be assumed that in most cases the measure of wages paid is not the only point at issue: it is the enforced idleness of costly machinery and the whole complicated plant which is at the base of manufacture. There are no doubt a good many industries in which, by concurrence of employers and employed, eight hours may be substituted for ten hours as a day's work, but the change must be accompanied by a corresponding reduction of wages. It is to be remembered that at least one-half (Atkinson says two-thirds) of all the laborers in the country are so employed that an eight-hour law could not apply to them at all—as fishermen, or miners, or railroad men, or farmers, or the hundreds of thousands working by the piece. What would be done with these industrial masses?

Moreover, a law declaring that no man should work more than eight hours a day would, of course, be unconstitutional; and if the hours were not limited by law, would not the most ambitious work over hours, and so practically annul the "regulation"? In other words, can any rule of labor be adopted which will prevent the most industrious from earning as much as he can, or which will keep the most active, alert, as-



piring, avaricious, frugal, sober and efficient men from getting to the top and keeping there? Undoubtedly, if all boys and girls were taught trades, so that all men and women could work effectively, the general thrift would be greatly increased, and the average day of the laborer might be shortened at both ends; but no man can get something for nothing, and it is exceedingly doubtful if any new-fangled invention will be able to set aside the indestructible law of supply and demand, or reduce to a dead level of mediocrity the good and bad, the trained and the ignorant, the intelligent and the stupid, the industrious and the lazy, and all the varied sorts and classes of workmen.

#### HOME RULE—A HISTORIC PARALLEL.

THERE can scarcely be a doubt that the principle of Home Rule for Ireland will finally triumph. Whether local self-government shall come in one Parliament on College Green or in four Parliaments, one for each of the great provinces of Connaught, Ulster, Leinster and Munster, which was Richard Lalor Sheil's plan, submitted to the British Ministry fifty years ago, and which received the sanction of Peel and Wellington, cannot, of course, be foretold. It is quite probable that Gladstone will be compelled to modify his present plan; and should he do so, the adoption of four provincial Parliaments, with the retention of the Irish members in the British House of Commons, would be a natural solution of the problem.

The fact that Mr. Gladstone will have to present his Home Rule Bill in its perfected shape to the Queen for her signature reminds us of a parallel case in 1829, when the Duke of Wellington presented the Catholic Emancipation Bill to George IV. for his signature. The antipathy of the "corpulent Adonis" to that measure was even more pronounced than Queen Victoria's dislike of Home Rule, and the scene in Windsor Castle on that memorable morning in 1829 was, as may be imagined, at once significant and picturesque.

Sir Philip Knighton, the King's private secretary, says that the King went to bed, declaring to the Marchioness of Conyngham that "he had enough courage to lose his crown and his head, but that he would sooner, like Mutius Scaevola, burn his hand off than sign that damnable Bill." When Sir Philip told the King the next day that the Duke of Wellington had arrived, and waited to see him, it required all the tact of the marchioness to induce His Majesty to receive him. When the Duke entered the royal cabinet, the marchioness had discreetly disappeared, and the visitor was received in frigid silence.

The King was seated on a sofa with a table before him. The Duke bowed, and laid the Bill on the table. "I will not sign it, Duke!" said the King. The Duke took up a pen, dipped it in the ink, and looking the angry sovereign in the eye, put it before him. "Your Majesty must sign it!" For a moment the victor of Waterloo and the wretched despot looked each other squarely in the face. The King took up the pen, dashed, rather than wrote, his signature to the Bill, and throwing both the document and the pen on the floor, left the cabinet. The Iron Duke picked up the Bill and the pen, and attaching his own signature as witness, left the room and departed for London.

This was the first great step towards the regeneration of Ireland. The next was in 1846, when Peel and Wellington repealed the Corn Laws, which had for centuries been considered the palladium of British power. To test public opinion, Sir Robert Peel empowered Mr. Baillie Cochran, Member of Parliament for Ayrshire, to co-operate with Mr. Gladstone in forming a *Quarterly Review*, in which he would announce the approaching innovation in the British Constitution. A month before the new Parliament met, the first number of the *New Quarterly Review* was issued. It contained an article on "The Corn Laws," dictated by Sir Robert Peel, and in the handwriting of his son, Frederick Peel, since a member of Parliament, but never prominent in politics. The secret of the authorship leaked out through the indiscretion of Dr. Worthington, the editor of the *New Quarterly*, and Lord George Bentinck, the leader of the Protectionists, openly taxed Sir Robert Peel with the authorship. The Premier unblushingly denied it, but nobody believed him.

The abrogation of the Corn Laws helped on Home Rule, and the new reform of 1867, and the disestablishment of the Irish Church has done still more; until now we stand on the threshold of a great event, which will prove whether a country which has produced a Burke, an O'Connell, a Sheridan, a Wellington, a Palmerston, a Canning, a Sheil, a Goldsmith, a Moore, in the past, and a Dufferin, a Wolseley, a Roberts, a MacLise, a Faraday, and others too numerous to mention, in the present, is or is not fit to govern itself. Charles Stewart Parnell and his band of eighty six Irishmen must answer the question.

#### THE MISUSE OF INJUNCTIONS.

THE acts of judges, compelled as they are to live in "the fierce light of publicity," are peculiarly susceptible of misconstruction either by disappointed litigants or by an uninformed public. This is their misfortune; but on the other hand, it is rare that any general public interest is taken in complaints of judicial acts, and it is also rare that lawyers are courageous enough to defy the power of a judge by preferring formal charges. There has been no general investigation of the judiciary in this city for fifteen years, a fact which we should gladly accept as evidence of its high character. Yet it is also true there have been reasons for grave dissatisfaction, and of these the strongest is the practical annulment of the laws by the indiscriminate granting of injunctions. The injunction has played a conspicuous part in all kinds of railroad litigation, in the granting of franchises, and in the protection of criminals, and in the hands of Justice Donohue of the Supreme Court this power has been wielded in a way to cause the preparation of formal charges by the Bar Association. It is to this Association that citizens naturally look to preserve the integrity of the Bench, and its members, who have at last found courage enough to incur the displeasure of a judge, certainly have a peculiar right to inquire into the administration of justice.

Judge Donohue's case is yet to be tried, and the large minority vote in the Association against the adoption of a report recommending judicial investigation shows that there are many lawyers who believe in his innocence. The memorial to the Legislature adopted by the Association refers particularly to "twelve obnoxious orders to show cause why injunctions should not issue against the Police Department, with temporary stays, and to two causes between private parties in which oppressive orders were issued." Four injunctions were obtained in 1880 and 1881 at the suit of the American Jockey Club to prevent the arrest of bookmakers. Under the protection of these injunctions, which were dissolved as

soon as racing was ended, betting was actively carried on in defiance of existing laws. Another injunction was issued to prevent arrests at a Madison Square walking match in 1882, and a fourth for a similar purpose at the suit of the Jerome Park Company in 1883. Others were issued to prevent the police from making arrests for baseball-playing on Sunday, and others still restraining them from arrests for violations of the excise law, as, for example, the sale of liquors after midnight at "shady" French balls in the Academy of Music. Whatever reasons there may have been for their granting, it is clear enough that these injunctions prevented the enforcement of laws upon our statute-books. It is assumed by the petitioners that Judge Donohue "acted without legal right and for a corrupt purpose." This latter point has not to our knowledge been established, but Judge Donohue's assiduity in the discharge of his duties does not relieve him from the appearance of having used injunctions improperly.

Nevertheless, as his counsel pointed out, his position is not an exceptional one. Other judges of the Supreme and of other courts have taken the same view, and have issued similar injunctions against the police. This, of course, does not excuse Judge Donohue if his acts were illegal and corruptly inspired, but it does suggest the necessity of some action to prevent the abuse of the enjoining power. Mr. Joseph H. Choate says: "Hundreds of injunctions have been issued in the Supreme Court, the Superior Court and the Court of Common Pleas, interfering with the administration of criminal law and in other ways improper." Mr. Choate called for an investigation into the general administration of justice in the Courts of Record in this city, but his suggestion was, unwisely as it seems to us, voted down. The action of the Bar Association, however, cannot fail to limit, for a time at least, the misuse of injunctions, and we trust that judges may learn a needed lesson. The injunction is an extreme measure, and its frequent employment in the interests of law-breakers and wealthy corporations is a sign of demoralization which must be checked, however severe the remedies may be.

#### ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

WHILE the reports from Greece are somewhat indefinite, the indications now are that war will be averted. Early last week it was announced that the Government, yielding to the advice of France, had agreed to disarm, and this determination was subsequently carried out, though apparently with some reluctance. Four steamers, which were being fitted out as cruisers, have already been disarmed; the order for the dispatch of troops to the front has been recalled, and it is expected that gradually matters will be restored to a peace basis. While the demand of the Powers insisted upon unconditional surrender, it is regarded as probable that Turkey will be induced to cede a portion of the disputed territory to Greece. It is understood that both France and Russia are endeavoring to secure such a settlement of the difficulty.

In Great Britain the agitation of the Home Rule question continues with increased interest. One of the most significant events of the last week was the reappearance of Lord Hartington as an assailant of Mr. Gladstone's measure. At a meeting in Lancashire, he said that no alterations would remove the objections to the Home Rule scheme, and he added that if he could not secure its withdrawal, he would head an independent party against it. At the same meeting a letter was read from Mr. John Bright, declaring that "it would be a calamity for the country if measures of the transcendent magnitude of Mr. Gladstone's should be accepted on the authority of any leader, however eminent." The Premier, who is evidently growing restive under the assaults to which he is exposed, has written to the Press in correction of statements made by one of his critics, and declaring emphatically that, in his opinion, Home Rule is a source, not of danger, but of strength. There is a statement that Mr. Chamberlain will introduce in the House of Commons an amendment in opposition to the Land Bill, and that, if he should do so, the whole matter may go over; but the report lacks confirmation. The National Liberal Federation of Scotland have adopted resolutions favoring the Gladstone Home Rule Bill.

A crisis is impending in the Spanish Cabinet, owing to the refusal of the other Ministers to yield to the demands of Señor Camacho, the Minister of Finance, for economy in the Budget, which he insists is necessary. The situation in Burmah is still somewhat critical. While order prevails at Mandalay, the country and central districts are infested with rebels, and to add to the troubles of the British, cholera has attacked their troops with great violence, compelling one regiment to abandon its advance movement and go into camp. This year's Paris Salon is inferior to those of recent years. There is a paucity of valuable historical works, and the exhibition is weak in other respects.

THE *Herald* says that "if the strikers (on the Gould system) now declare the strike off and seek work quietly where they can, it will be a virtual vindication of the Order." This recalls John Phenix's famous victory over an invader of his printing office: "There was a blow. Somebody fell. We got up. There was another grapple. Then, by a sudden movement, we brought our back in contact with the bed of our printing-press, when, fixing his hands in our hair and our nose in his mouth, we had him."

TEMPERANCE legislation is becoming so popular in Canada, and is being so generally resorted to with success in fighting rum and the rumrunner, that, before long, liquor-dealers will realize that their occupation is gone, so far as the Dominion is concerned. On the 1st of May the Scott Act went into effect, for the first time, in twenty-two counties and cities in that country. The total number of counties and cities in which the Act is now in force is sixty-three, containing probably more than a third of the entire population of Canada.

THE harp that once "shed its soul of music through Tara's Hall" does so no more; not only because Tara's Hall no longer exists, but also for the reason that the harp itself has crossed the sea. Recently there arrived in New York a relic which nearly all Irishmen will regard as sacred, the harp of O'Carolan, the last of the Irish bards. It is claimed that it is over eight hundred years old, and that it was played before the last of the Irish kings. It has long been preserved as a relic in the O'Connor family, and will no doubt attract a great deal of attention at a forthcoming Irish musical festival, at which it is to be exhibited in this city.

BUILDING enterprises in Chicago seem likely to be almost entirely paralyzed by strikes of the brickmakers, who demand a reduction of hours from ten to eight without any reduction of wages. In one case the demand for a reduction of hours was actually coupled with another for an advance in wages of twenty per cent. upon present rates. Altogether, there are 8,000 men em-

ployed in the seventy brickyards of the city, and should all these be compelled to suspend operations for any length of time, serious consequences will ensue in all branches of the building trade. The wages heretofore paid have ranged from \$2.50 to \$3.25 a day, and when it is considered that some forms of skilled labor command a lower rate of compensation, it would seem that the brickmakers are already fairly and adequately paid. To expect that employers will pay twenty per cent. above these rates for two hours' less work per diem is simply preposterous.

NOTWITHSTANDING their show of indignation over the refusal of the President to furnish the papers in the case of the suspension of George M. Duskin, as United States District Attorney for Alabama, the Republicans of the Senate have finally confirmed his successor—thus violating their own resolution that all such nominations must be rejected. So far as appears, there was no contest whatever over the confirmation, which, to say the least, is a little surprising, in view of the bitterness exhibited a little while since by Mr. Edmunds and others. But perhaps the Vermont Senator begins at length to realize that he has been making a great pother about a very small matter, and is anxious that the whole controversy shall be forgotten just as soon as possible.

THE long contest of the people of New York city with a gas monopoly seems at last crowned with victory. The passage of the Thomas Bill and the Reilly Bill through the Legislature in the face of a large and active lobby, heavily laden with "boodle," makes it tolerably certain that our citizens will hereafter obtain gas at \$1.25 a thousand feet, which still allows a sufficient profit to manufacturers. At the same time, there is a chance that the proposed reform may fail through the reluctance of capital to come to the rescue and avail itself of the provisions of the Bill. It would seem that Messrs. Thurber, Gardiner, Shedwood, and others who have been foremost in backing the measure, should promptly come to the front, raise the \$2,500,000 required, and provide the city with some "anti-monopoly gas" on the heels of their success. They should not be backward in coming forward.

THE projectors of vast railroad enterprises who have been aided in completing their roads by Government loans generally regard the money lent as a gift, and think it no wrong to cheat the people collectively, however reluctant they may be to do so in individual cases. There are, however, exceptions to all rules, and the Canadian Pacific Railway Company can fairly be credited with the almost unique distinction of having acted honestly towards the Government which helped it out of its difficulty. The loan of \$30,000,000 advanced to the company by the public treasury has been paid within a few days, so that the company is now altogether independent of the State Government. Here is an example which those who built our own Northern Pacific Railway and other roads upon loans of the Government credit might emulate with honor to themselves and profit to the people.

A REPORT that an American fishing-vessel had been seized by the Canadian authorities for infringement of the fishing laws caused, last week, quite a sensation, both in this country and England. All the leading London journals commented upon the circumstance, for the most part in a friendly spirit, the *Times* advising that it would be wiser for Canada not to insist upon her "full rights" in the existing dispute. Fortunately, the report turned out to be untrue, and the excitement speedily subsided. Real difficulties, however, may at any moment arise, and some method of averting a collision should, if possible, be devised. The *London Pall Mall Gazette* advocates the formation of a supreme and permanent court, to consist of two Americans, two Englishmen, and a fifth person selected by these four, for the settlement of all fisheries disputes; and there is no apparent reason why the suggestion should not be adopted.

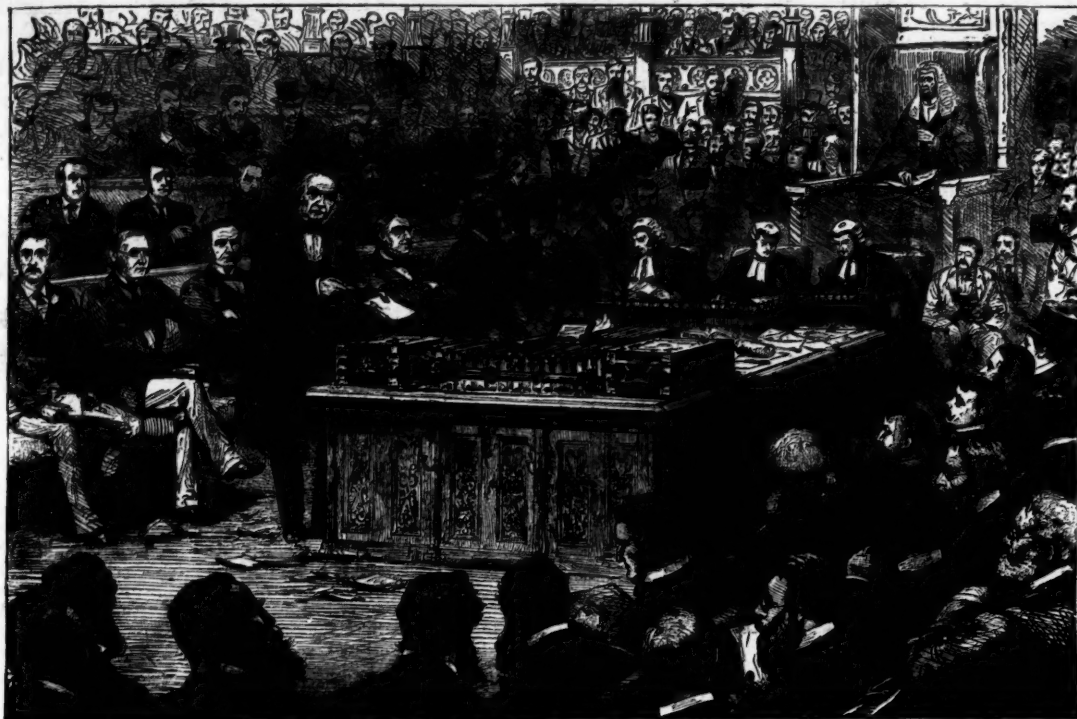
THE American people will be likely to give cordial approval to the proposition to make general recognition in 1892 of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of this continent. Other nations will doubtless celebrate that great occasion, and we should be ready to give harmonious and enthusiastic co-operation. It is surprising that the 12th of October, the day on which Columbus sighted San Salvador, has not been made a national holiday—especially as it is remote from other holidays, and at a time of year when a distinctive Autumn festival is needed. In Italy and Spain the name of Columbus is far more honored than here: cities have named streets after him, dedicated parks to him, and set up his colossal statue in their central plazas. The American Historical Association is busy calling attention to the need of co-operation for the celebration of 1892, and its timely action in consulting President Cleveland about it will stir up general interest in the matter.

It looks as if the Bill in Congress "for the extension of the debt of the Union Pacific Railroad" were only another scheme to enable that road to perpetually ignore its obligations to the United States Government. It has always defaulted in its interest, and that interest to the amount of nearly four million dollars a year is paid annually out of the Federal Treasury. The Union Pacific is now behind sixteen millions in overdue interest, and the Central some nineteen millions. This Bill provides that the roads shall pay to the United States nearly three millions a year—considerably less than the United States annually pays out for the defaulted interest! Why should these roads, which have never paid up their interest, have any further favors from the Treasury they have constantly depleted? Why should the Government's mortgage be extended for seventy years more? It is simply astounding that a committee of Congress should unanimously report such a Bill for passage, and that members should look with serious favor on a measure drawn in the interest of defaulted corporations.

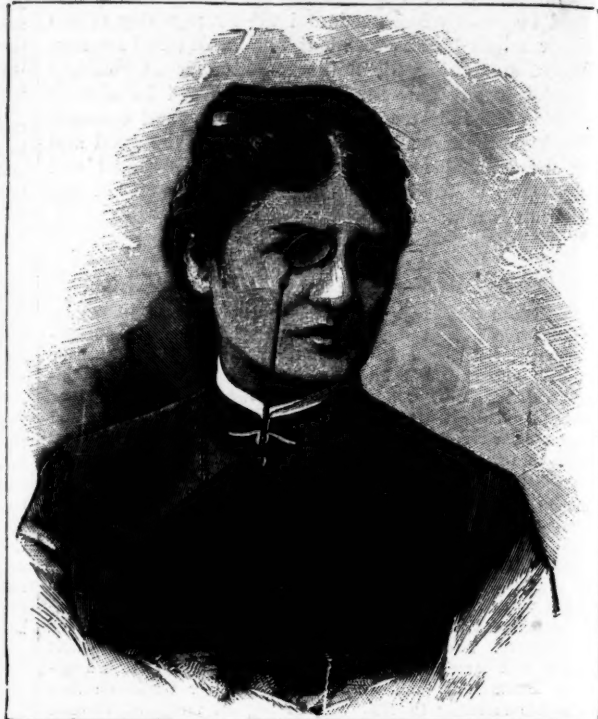
DURING his long career as a lawyer, George Ticknor Curtis has never appeared to greater disadvantage than when defending Mormonism and approving polygamy before the Supreme Court of the United States. Elder Lorenzo Snow is serving out a long sentence in the Utah Penitentiary for cohabitation with seven women, having been tried and convicted under the Edmunds Act. The case was brought before the United States Supreme Court on appeal. The venerable Mr. Curtis not only defended him, as lawyers feel bound to defend their clients, but he praised Utah, declared that polygamy was "not injurious to the public welfare," and that the Mormon wives were "women as pure as any in the world—women who come of the best blood of New England." Mr. Curtis came hither from Boston, and some curiosity will be felt to know what his Puritan cousins will think of this classification. The fact that he has considerably passed the allotted span of the Psalmist may have something to do with the venerable man's remarkable plea; but it is certainly sharply at variance with American notions of civilization, and it is not believed that even the most antique of the Supreme Judges will be found to indorse the lawyer's view.



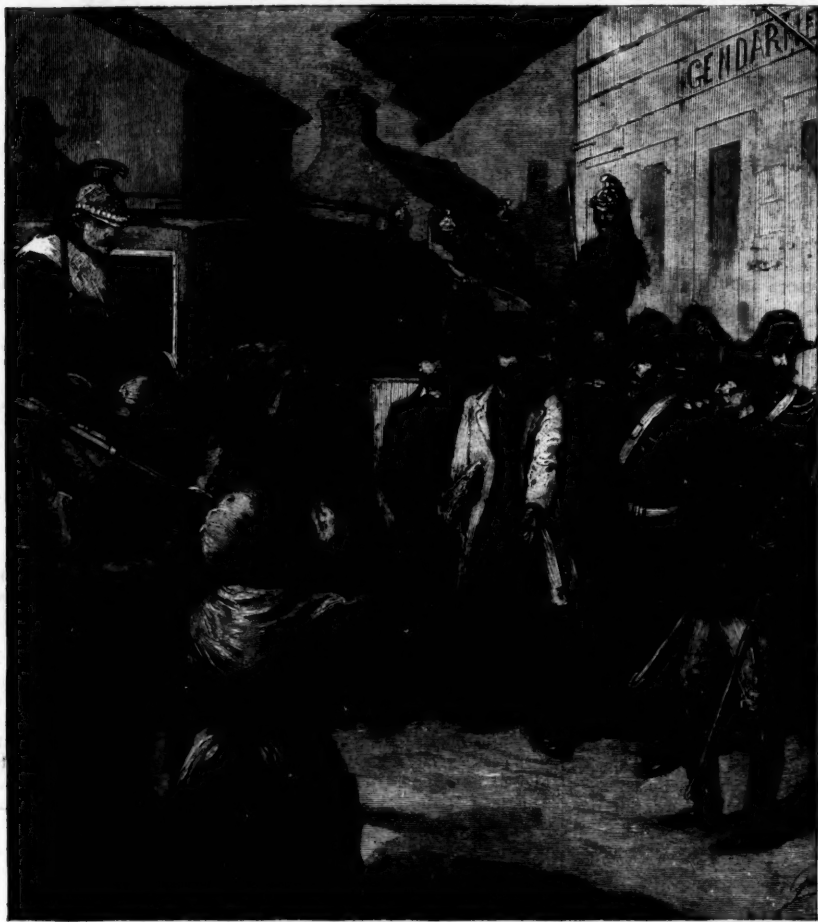
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 182.



GREAT BRITAIN.—MR. GLADSTONE EXPLAINING HIS HOME RULE BILL TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, APRIL 8TH.



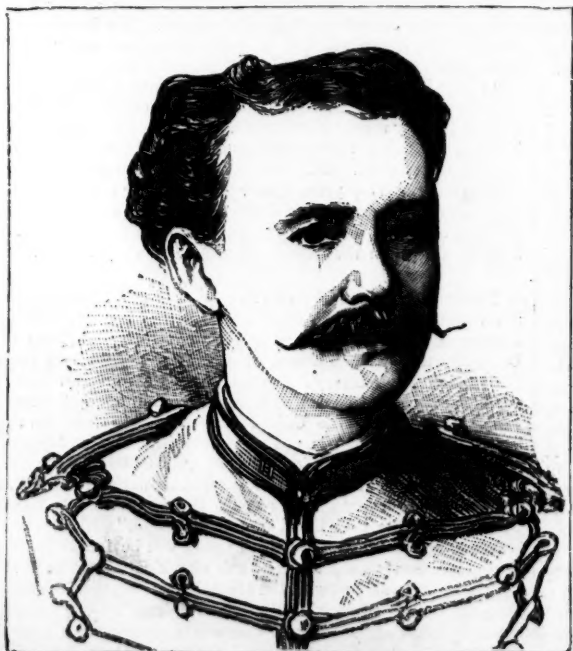
BULGARIA.—MRS. LEOKADIE REGUTENKO, FEMALE PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.



FRANCE.—ARREST OF MESSIEURS ROCHE AND DUC-QUEROY AT DECAZEVILLE, APRIL 4TH.



IRELAND.—AFTER AN EVICTION: A SCENE IN MAYO.



FRANCE.—LIEUT. PALAT, ASSASSINATED BY THE BEDOUINS.

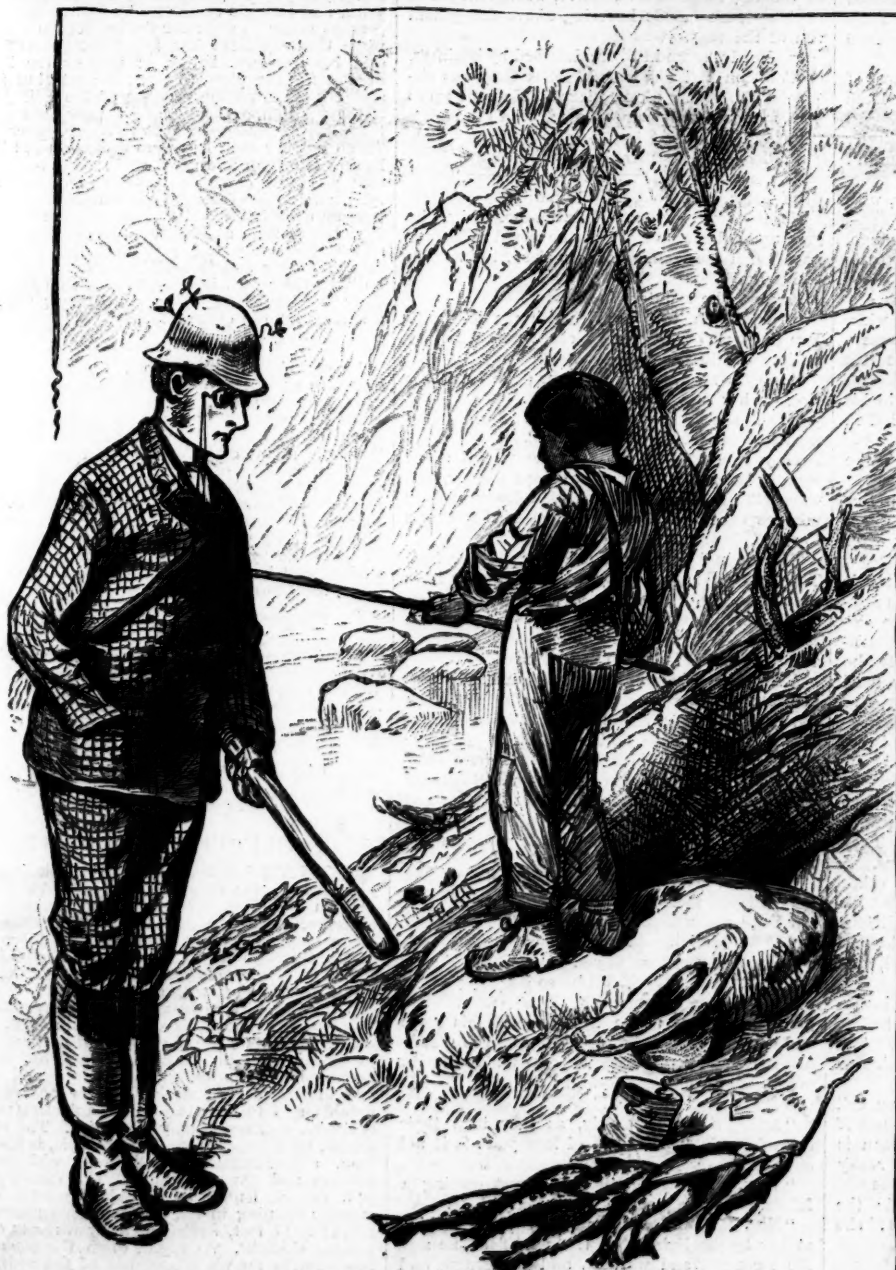


GERMANY.—THE EMPEROR WILLIAM CONGRATULATED BY HIS GREAT-GRANDSONS, ON HIS 80TH BIRTHDAY.

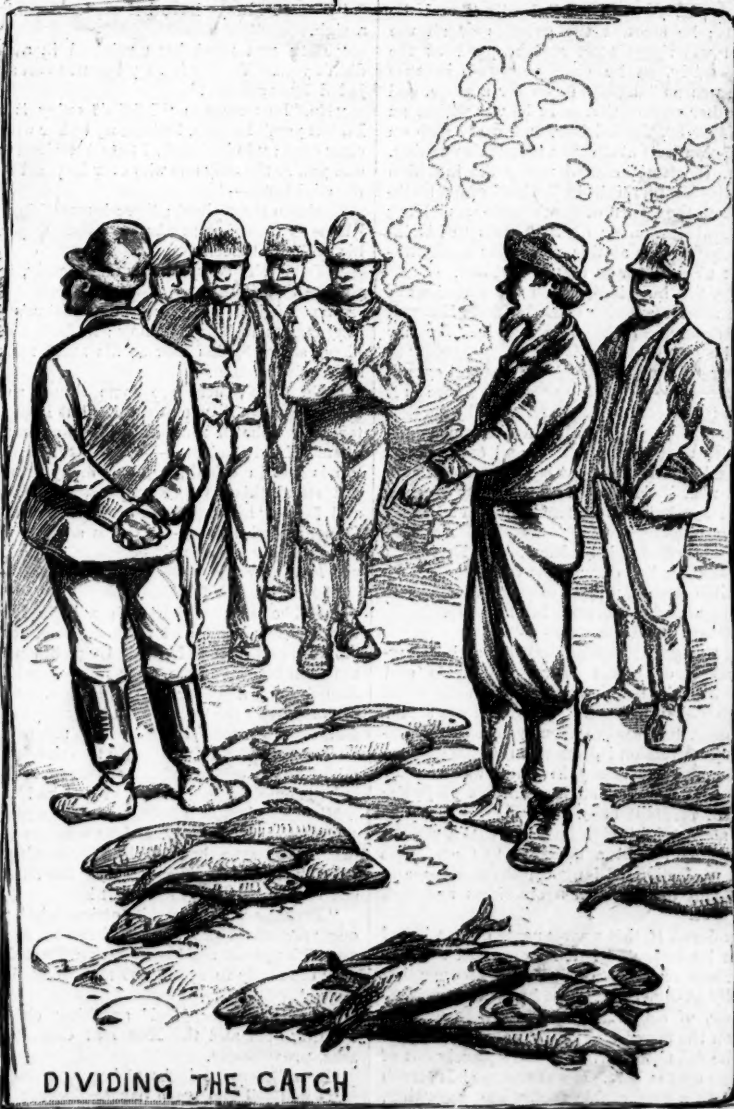




SHAD FISHING  
NEAR MILFORD PA.



CITY FLY VS. COUNTRY WORM



DIVIDING THE CATCH

PENNSYLVANIA.—A DAY AMONG THE FISHERMEN OF PIKE COUNTY.  
FROM SKETCHES BY JOE BECKER.—SEE PAGE 183.



## THE STEPS AHEAD.

How can I go?  
How rise, and take the path and know  
I have no hand to hold, no face  
To meet me on the way at any place?  
I stand  
Just where I held his hand.  
I look—  
Just here the wind hath shook  
His gold curls, and his feet  
This far came with me: let me then but repeat,  
Just standing where I am,  
All that his lips said, sacred as a psalm,  
While we were moving on, before I knew  
His footsteps would stop here. So new  
The way looks on beyond; if I could stay;  
If I could but live over, day by day,  
The sweet gone-by: if I could be  
Found waiting where he left me—but I see  
A step ahead which I must take:  
What that my heart should break;  
What that I cry—  
Or am too weak to lift on high  
A cry for pity?—I must go;  
Reach out for other hands; know  
The bleak places of new hills: be strong;  
Carry my burden all along  
The uphill road: leave  
All our footprints in the path, which, in and out,  
weave  
On together until now; must take  
The new step on alone, and make  
My eyes lift to the sun, and look  
At purple hill, and throbbing brook,  
And make  
My hands reach out again, to take  
Flowers that will grow against my feet, and keep  
Reminding me I have no other hands to put them  
in. Steep  
Be the way or level, can it matter now?  
If I must leave his footsteps does it matter how?  
If I must go; walk just the same,  
Without his love-lips murmuring my name,  
I only know  
It cannot matter much the way I go,  
So that the path leads high,  
Leads closer, every day, towards the sky;  
Leads, as God wills, towards the meeting-place  
Where I shall look upon my angel's face.

Summit, N. J. GEO. KINGSLEY.

## CONISTON'S COURTSHIP.

A BRIEF IN THREE SHEETS.

BY FANNIE AVMAR MATHEWS.

JOHN GORDON ANNESLEY, Earl of Coniston, sat in the cabin of the Brighton boat, reading his evening paper. He had just folded and put in his pocket a long letter from his friend and partner, Sir Campbell Frazer, in which that gentleman announced that affairs at the Ranch of San Rosalie were going on perfectly, but that he must beg his "dear old Jack" to put off his sailing date just a fortnight, as he now found that he could not be in New York possibly before the close of the month (October) or later.

Coniston was in the midst of a frown over this piece of intelligence as he glanced over the paper. He hated America and the Americans; he longed to put the sea between himself and this displeasing nation; he yearned for "shooting" and the Highlands; he scorned the gayeties of all the American watering-places, and stopped at the Pavilion—solely, as he openly avowed, because Brighton was an English name for a place, and for the other reason that here he was within an hour of Pier 38, North River, and could step on board a Guion boat at almost a moment's warning. Coniston, therefore, chafed under the infliction of an additional fortnight in the land of his loathing. Albeit the Ranch of San Rosalie was adding a considerable number of thousands to his income, he still—just at this particular moment—wished it at the bottom of the Red Sea.

Perhaps, too, he mingled with the afflictions of the exile some memories of Lady Cicely Howard, and the strange penchant he had had for her during the last London season.

However this may be, Coniston's vacant eyes at this juncture took in a very neat little figure as it advanced in the cabin; it was followed by another—a plump middle-aged lady's figure, much burdened with shawls and wraps, and evidently in deadly peril of a draught, for before seating itself, both the neat little figure and the plump duenna examined carefully the fastenings of all adjacent windows.

"This one seems tightly closed, Aunt Dorinda," the girl said, in her clear, light voice.

"Horrible American tone, calculated to lacerate a fog!" mentally commented his lordship.

"No, Polly, no; I am sure—"

"Polly! ye gods!" soliloquized the earl. "Suggestive solely of comic opera, milkmaids and parrots. And she has short hair!—he never could abide a short-haired woman. And she was small. Small women had always, from youth up, constituted his pet aversion! Dressed in brown; brown as a color was distressing, in fact it was no color at all!" Coniston had all his nation's prejudice in favor of brilliant hues.

She is alert, bright, vivacious; all that a woman should not be; what a contrast to Cicely, who was wholly un-American. She had seen him looking at her, of course. By Jove! where was his paper? on the floor! and yet for some inscrutable reason she did not return his gaze squarely out of those large eyes of hers. It was strange! It struck Coniston as a remarkable fact, worth recording, that he had encountered one American girl who declined to reciprocate the delicate attentions of his eyes.

Why! there came Bradford! such a capital fellow for an American.

Bradford knew her.

She smiled at Bradford, and allowed him to sit beside her, and gave him her wrap to hold.

To be sure, Coniston remembered that he had always thought Bradford very much of a cad, and not a nice fellow by any means.

And Bradford held her wrap, and they all went off the boat together in the friendliest sort of fashion, with the maid trotting after them with the satchels and dogs.

No, he had always had a special aversion for that Bradford! And as for small women, with short hair, dressed in brown—well, his disgust for them was not to be measured by any language.

Nevertheless, as Coniston willfully argued with himself, "a man must fill up his time"; so, in an off-hand way he just intimated to Bradford that he didn't care—if the opportunity offered—if he did introduce him to Mrs. Waddle and her niece, Miss Grey.

Bradford was apparently magnanimous; besides, he had never presented an earl to Miss Grey before—and he did the deed with satisfaction to himself at least.

Miss Grey bowed slowly to Coniston, and then she turned her attention to a group of lady friends sitting near, leaving Coniston to the agreeable knowledge that he was at liberty to salute her the next time he met her on the piazza or the corridor.

It didn't satisfy him.

He went off and smoked a cigar, and conjured up Cicely in the fragrance of the Havana.

Even Cicely did not seem to be as complete a boon as he had fancied she ought to be.

For five days he wandered up and down, and round and round the hotel, "lounging," he called it; but the more correct term to describe these peregrinations would be—politely chasing Polly Grey.

Finally he beheld her alone. Neither aunt nor Bradford nor friends—Heaven be praised!—were anywhere about.

He drew near the big rocker, where she sat with a book in her lap; and suddenly Coniston remembered that he should have to say something beyond "good-morning," and for the first time in forty-one years he actually wondered what it should be.

She spared him the attempt, however, and glancing up, said:

"Ah! good-morning; you have been up in town, I suppose, ever since the day Mr. Bradford presented you?"

"Up in town!" This was too much, when he had followed her like a detective the entire time.

Coniston looked feebly at her, and then he laughed, and his fair face flushed as he ventured to sit down on the piazza-step at her feet. Polly glanced down inquiringly with steady, demure eyes.

"No," he cried. "Miss Grey, I've been most of the time about a yard and a quarter away from you; but you never seemed to see me!"

"How strange!" Polly says, wonderingly. "Most people would have seen you, now, wouldn't they?"

"Women always have before," he assents, with a sigh.

"Then you must have rejoiced in a change, didn't you? Variety is so pleasant to an appetite jaded by sameness!"

"No," he answers; "I didn't enjoy it at all. I'll tell you," he says, looking up at her with wide, clear eyes; "to be frank, I hate American women, and you're the only one who ever inspired me with the slightest—"

Coniston stops short; there is something in his listener's face that marks an unerring period in his reckless speech.

"Well?" she asks, sweetly and clearly, "—the slightest?"

The English language is Coniston's native tongue, but it fails him now; he feels the warm blood suffusing his face as his mind runs after an elusive woman.

"Ah, I see; there are some things so much better implied than expressed. But I am so matter-of-fact that I must translate your mute eloquence, Lord Coniston—" At this instant Coniston is lost in calculating how many minutes he can stand this present temperature of his head and face—"into words, or a word—curiosity, eh? Come, be twice frank—is it not so?"

"You may christen it curiosity, and call it so, *pro tem.*, if you choose, Miss Grey, but—"

The earl again falters.

"Oh!" cries the girl, with a little impatient wave of her hand, and throwing back her pretty blonde head; "how I abhor Englishmen! They are so in terror of even their minor emotions. A Frenchman, a German, an Italian, any other nationality in the world is ready, eager to put his flirtations propensities into the most delicious language; but an Englishman!"—she shudders—"he stops to wonder what he is about to feel, and lo! the emotion vanishes! ha! ha! ha!"

Miss Grey laughs a long, musical, ringing laugh. Coniston looks at her, and he wonders if he has ever really seen her until this morning? She looks like the brightest part of the sunshine as she sits there in it, mocking him.

"Perhaps we do avoid putting what you call our 'flirtations propensities' into words; but if you will permit me to say so, an Englishman is only too ready to speak out that which he really feels!"

"Do they ever 'feel' anything outside the hunting-field and the House of Commons?" she asks, provokingly.

He smiles as he looks at her.

"I will tell you some day."

Not long after Coniston rides with Miss Grey—a long afternoon ride on the road by the bay, and through the woods and past the farms busy with their Autumn fruit-gathering.

They chat of commonplace things—the flowers,

the birds, the clouds, the blue of sea and sky, and they come home soberly enough, too soberly, he thinks.

There is a ball that night, the last of "the season." Coniston is not a dancing man, so he has the satisfaction of watching Miss Grey floating about the ballroom in the arms of other men—principally Bradford. He smokes cigars; he even goes so far as to drink brandy, and invoke the image of the reposeful Cicely—all have little effect. He stalks out on the piazza, brilliant with lanterns, and then saunters to the other end, where it is comparatively dark.

Polly sits there, and Bradford—Bradford!—is bending above her; he even has her hand; and now he goes in and leaves her.

Coniston is a madman as he rushes into the other man's place, and leans tremblingly over her chair. She is quiet, silent.

"It is I," he whispers, brokenly.

"I know," she replies, softly.

"Oh, child!" cries he, "you must listen to me; I am a good-for-nothing sort of a fellow; I have had no religion, no anything, until I have known you, and now you are my shrine. It seems to me at your feet I should lay rare spices, perfumes, flowers, jewels—and all I dare lay there to-night is a human heart—a human life, Polly," he says, lowly, stooping his blonde head to hers. "Will you have me?"

He sees her face as she upturns it in the flare of the last lantern; it is as he has never seen it—pale, stricken, awful, calm.

"Well!" she says, at last, with that clear, bright voice of hers, a trifle hard, a trifle matter-of-fact.

"Oh, I love you, my soul! my queen! I love you and need you," cries he, overcome by the sight of her pallor.

"I know," she answers, quietly, "I appreciate, value your love; I would not have it otherwise; I should have been disappointed always if you had not loved me. Ah!" burying her white face in her hands, "I revel in it!"

And he had once thought this woman cold, superficial, unlikable.

"My darling!" Coniston says, reaching out his hands for hers.

"But," whispers the girl, drawing away into her silken wrap, "I—I am engaged to be married to Eugene Bradford. I have been for two years!"

Sir Campbell Frazer had arrived from the West. The *Arizona* sailed on Tuesday, and both he and the Earl of Coniston were booked on her passenger-list.

It was Monday night—"midsummer come again," people said, lounging about the piazzas of the big hotel—warm, sultry, with great banks of blue-black clouds hovering above the golden rim of the west.

Bradford was up in town, detained by business, as Coniston had discovered. Miss Grey was sitting at the corner of the piazza. He went up to her for the first time since the night of the ball.

"May I sit down?"

She looks up assentingly.

"I am going to-morrow in the *Arizona*."

"I know," she answers, whitening.

He wonders why, and Heaven help him! he gets up and goes away, when he would rather far have taken the frail, vivacious, alert little woman to his heart.

Presently he saunters back.

"Would you take a ride with me to-night? You know we shall never on earth see each other again. Would you?"

Her eyes flash, her lips quiver; she turns the ring on her finger back and forth.

"Yes," she says, quietly, "I will. I will get on my habit and be down presently."

They ride off—off into the green and silent country lanes where the dew damps the air, and where the scent of the homestead flower-gardens mingles with the breath of the sea as it comes to them.

They do not talk very much, nor yet ride fast. The twilight is gathering and the horses have their way.

Suddenly it grows dark—the blue-black clouds have crept over all the brightness of the heavens and hidden the harvest moon from sight.

A flash—an instantaneous report, and Polly sees her lover stagger in his seat; his left arm falls powerless, struck for ever useless at his side.

She has her horse beside him in an instant; she comes close to his side, while the great rain-drops fall plashing down upon them. She takes up the stricken arm in her soft hands, and presses her young lips upon it.

"Polly!" cries Coniston, wildly. "Do you love Bradford?"

"Oh, no!" she says.

"Will you marry me?"

"Yes," she whispers.

"Now—to-night—this very hour?"

"Yes, this very hour if you wish it. Oh!" cries the girl, wildly, "Jack, I'll be so good to you. I must be, don't you see? This—this!" She touches his arm as he tries to guide his horse and hold her to him, both. "He doesn't need me like that! and you do; and it is my fault—I ought not to have come out to-night with you!"

"Thank God you did!"

"And," she says, slowly, as they turn their horses' heads, "besides, I—I love you: is it not strange?"

"Very. And you will not regret owning a fellow as—helpless as I am, Polly?"

"No," she answers, thoughtfully, and looking at her by the lightning's frequent flash, he sees the strength, and warmth, and tenderness, and love, that he has need of.

"Polly," Coniston says, through the pelting rain, as they ride back to Brighton, "it seems to me as if my whole life had been an interrogation point, and as if you were the blessed answer to it."

And so it fell out that the reverend pastor of

St. Mary's was called upon to marry two drenched people that November night, and that the Earl of Coniston put off his sailing date another month.

## PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

MR. GLADSTONE'S GREAT DAY.

An historic scene is represented in the picture showing Mr. Gladstone in the act of explaining his Irish Bill in the British House of Commons on the 8th ult. The Prime Minister stood in the most conspicuous place at the front bench on the Ministerial side, where the official red box of the First Lord of the Treasury is placed on the table, close to the mace of the Sergeant-at-Arms. There, on the table, was a supply of his familiar throat mixture, often used by him in long speeches, only on this occasion there were two pots instead of one. A rose blossomed from his coat button-hole, and the accompanying green leaves assumed, it might have been by set purpose, the disposition of the leaves of the shamrock. At any rate, nothing could more appropriately have symbolized his great scheme for Irish Home Rule than the union of the shamrock and the rose.

A FEMALE SURGEON IN BULGARIA.

Mrs. Leokadie Regutenko, whose portrait we give, is the only female physician and surgeon in Bulgaria. She is a Russian by birth. After completing an academic course in Odessa, she went to Berne, Switzerland, to study medicine, where she acquired the degree of M. D. During the late Turco-Russian War the young doctoress Leokadie served in the Russian Army in the capacity of a surgeon. She was afterward appointed to a position in the hospital of Sofia. During the Serbo-Bulgarian conflict Mrs. Regutenko treated scores of wounded Bulgarian soldiers, and amputated many an arm and leg.

ARREST OF FRENCH JOURNALISTS AT DECAZEVILLE.

For more than three months the miners and iron-workers of Decazeville and vicinity have maintained their strike, which has not yet been brought to a termination. The presence of a considerable military force probably has much to do with the preservation of outward peace. The most exciting incident, during a month past, was the recent arrest of two radical journalists—M. Duc-Queiry, correspondent of the *Cri du Peuple*, and M. Ernest Roche, of *l'Intransigeant*, Henri Rochefort's paper. These two journals exert a powerful influence amongst the workingpeople, and the two Decazeville correspondents were charged with inciting the strikers to riot and to conspiracy against the free exercise of labor.

AN EVICTION IN CONNAUGHT.

A considerable portion of the land in the western counties of Ireland is so poor, that it barely enables the cultivators to earn subsistence for themselves and their families, without paying any rent whatever. Rent has usually been paid from money earned by one or two men of each family going yearly to England or Scotland for harvest work, and in some cases also by women or young persons going to work for the farmers in Ulster; when this expedient has failed the peasant has sold his last cow, heifer, or pig, or the horse needed for the plow, to pay the rent; but it is seldom paid from the produce of the soil. This is the position, generally, of the poor Connaught tenantry, of whom, in that province, there are 70,000 holding each less than fifteen acres, 20,000 having less than five acres each, many with land that yields no crops but potatoes and oats and rye; and in some districts, last season, these crops were an utter failure. Hence the eviction for non-payment of rent, as illustrated in our engraving, which shows a young girl, shut out with her father, mother and the children from the cottage built by their own hands—waiting in charge of their few household goods while they go to find a shelter for the ejected family.

THE LATE LIEUTENANT PALAT.

Almost simultaneously with the news of the massacre of Europeans in Harrah, East Africa, comes the tidings of the sad fate of Lieutenant Palat, the young officer sent by the French Government on an exploring expedition into the Soudan. Lieutenant Palat having reached the Algerian borders of the Great Desert about the middle of March, was about to begin the weary march to Timbuctoo, when he was treacherously murdered by his Arab guides. The young officer was but thirty years of age. He had won a place in literature by a series of remarkable military studies, and by a translation of the work of Dr. Lenz, the Austrian explorer.

EMPEROR WILLIAM AND HIS GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN.

Our illustration is a pretty reminiscence of the recent celebration of the birthday of the Emperor William of Germany. The aged monarch entered on his ninetieth year on March 22d. He appeared to be in excellent health, and was able to attend a banquet given by the Crown Prince and a *soirée* held in the Imperial Palace. The picture represents him receiving the congratulations of his great-grandsons.

THE "CITY OF ROME."

FESTITIVITIES on board the Anchor Line's crack steamer, the *City of Rome*, last week, at her dock in New York, celebrated her departure for Liverpool, upon the first trip of the season, on Wednesday, the 28th ult. Everybody interested in transatlantic travel knows that the *City of Rome* is the largest passenger-steamer afloat, being 560 feet long, with a gross register tonnage of 8,415 tons. Notwithstanding her extraordinary size, she is as rakish and symmetrical as a racing-yacht. She has made the passage from New York to Queenstown in six days, twenty hours and twenty-eight minutes. The elegance and comfort of this modern marine wonder are equally notable, and to describe her as a floating palace is literal, and not merely figurative. The upper saloon, or drawing-room, for example, is 100 feet long, and luxuriously furnished, with velvet lounges and a grand piano. The dining-room is 72 feet in length by 52 wide; and the rectangular opening to the drawing-room above the height is 17 feet, surmounted by a richly ornamented skylight. At night, when the saloon is flooded with the white radiance of the swinging electric lamps, the effect is one of fairy-like brilliancy. The ladies' cabin on the promenade deck is finished in black-and-gold, with furniture covered in amber-colored velvet, and curtains of Roman cloth; while the boudoir, on the main deck, is a symphony in blue velvet, brocade silk and tapestry curtains. The precautions taken to secure



absolute safety are such, that the possibilities of the fishes ever getting a glimpse into these rich interiors are not worth considering. The vessel is divided into a large number of compartments by water-tight bulkheads, each extending to the main deck. The largest of these compartments being only sixty feet long, the filling of one of them with water, from a collision or other cause, would not materially affect the trim of the vessel.

The *City of Rome* has staterooms for 500 first-class passengers, besides excellent accommodations for those traveling second-class and steerage. The engines, of 8,000 indicated horse-power, are capable of being worked up to 15,000. The majestic and striking appearance of the *City of Rome*, with her four masts and three funnels, as she proudly rides the waves, is shown in our picture on page 189.

#### THE BASEBALL SEASON.

THE opening League championship baseball game of the season, between the Boston and New York nines, was played at the New York Polo Grounds, on Thursday of last week, in the presence of something like 11,000 enthusiastic spectators. A more exciting game could not have been asked. Two extra innings were required to decide the contest, which ended in the defeat of the Boston by a score of five to four. At the end of the fourth inning, the score stood three to two in favor of New York; and it was not until the ninth that Boston captured a run and made it a tie. In the tenth inning, each scored another run, preserving the balance—something quite unprecedented in games between the crack professional players, and phenomenal in the first League game of the season. Boston retired from the bat in the eleventh inning without adding a run. New York stepped forward, ended the contest, and sealed her own triumph, in the following fashion: Captain Ward, short-stop of the home club, had made a safe hit, and was on first base, Gerhardt, following at the bat, made a two-base hit, and Ward got to third. Then O'Rourke came in, and knocked the ball to the center field, where it was caught by Johnston. Ward started for the home base scarcely a second before Johnston threw the ball in. It was a race between ball and base-runner, and Ward won by diving headlong like a bullet, and touching the bag with outstretched hand, a fraction of a second ahead. The spectators indulged in frantic demonstrations, and Ward, borne aloft on the stalwart shoulders of his comrades, received the admiring attention his splendid feat had merited.

#### AN OLD-TIME SHAD-FISHING.

SHAD-FISHING in the upper waters of the Delaware River was once an industry of great importance. The fish, during the months of April and May, made their way from the ocean to the very sources of the river, and were captured by the tens of thousands in seines, eel-weirs, and traps of various kinds. The building of dams in the stream, and indiscriminate fishing by destructive methods, long since made shad-fishing in the headwaters of the Delaware merely a memory. There are no fisheries now above the village of Milford, in Pike County, Pa. There are two at that place, and shad are fished for there in the same manner that they were captured by the early settlers in the valley.

"I kin remember when th' was more'n fifty shad-fish'ries within ez many miled o' Milford," said a veteran fisherman of that place; "an ev'ry one on 'em were a-ketchin' their two an' three hundred a night; but 'bout all that's left now is these two fish'ries here. An' what 're we ketchin'? If we get a couple o' dozen o' shad in a night we think we're lucky."

The river shore at the Milford fisheries is a sandy beach thirty feet wide, sloping down to the water from the foot of a high and abrupt bank. Elms and birches and an undergrowth of river foliage extend along the crown of the bank, and cover its face. The fishermen build a great fire on the beach, which lights up the scene brilliantly, and casts weird shadows out upon the river. When we visited the fishery on a recent evening, three men stood on the river's edge holding the end of a seine. The "chug" of oars in the oarlocks was heard out on the river, and echoing among the rocks on the New Jersey shore opposite. A man with a long bushy pole in his hands, stood two or three rods below the three men handling the seine. The sound of the oarlocks drew nearer, and presently a boat appeared out of the darkness. Two men were rowing it, with quick, strong strokes, towards the shore, towing the other end of the seine. As they drew within a few feet of the shore, the man with the long, bushy pole beat the water wildly below the boat. With one or two strokes the oarsmen sent their clumsy flat-bottomed boat high on the sandy beach. The net is dragged ashore, and its contents turned out.

"Two lonesome he shad!" exclaimed the old fisherman. "Jist one notch better'n a dead haul!"

Then the men arranged their seine for another haul, and sat down disconsolately to wait for the fish to "gather" again. While they were waiting the old fisherman grew reminiscent.

"Fifty year ago this Spring," said he, "at this very fish'ry, we ketched one night enough shad to s'ply the hull county fur a week. I jist wished ye could ha' see that shinin' bank o' fish! Bank? Why, durn it, 'twere a mountain! I can't tell ye, now, how we ever dug that net ashore, so ye needn't ast me. I got thinkin' 'bout it, t'other day, an' were gointer ast some o' the boys th' helped make that haul how it were ever did; but when I come to name over who they were, I'm jiggered if th' were one on 'em livin' but me, an' so I'll never know. Th' was jist nine shad lackin' o' twelve hundred in that big haul."

After the lapse of a few minutes the fishermen prepared to make another haul. The seine was rolled up in the stern of the boat, one end of it being held on shore, as stated. Two oarsmen rowed the boat out in the river, heading up-stream. A third fisherman payed the seine out from the stern. When the net was all out, the boat turned down-stream and swept around in a curve back to shore. The pounding of the brush in the water as the boat draws towards the beach is to frighten the fish from running out below the net. The "chug" of the oarlocks told when the fishermen were drawing in again, and this time they dragged their net on shore with twenty-one large shad flopping and struggling in the meshes.

The division of the result of a night's fishing at these primitive fisheries is made in a novel way. It is impossible to divide the catch into lots of equal value, owing to difference in size, sex and number of the fish. A night's catch is made into as many lots as there are men fishing, with one lot for "the land"; that is, the property or which

the fishery is located. The different lots are made as nearly equal in value as possible, and are disposed of by chance. After the piles of fish are all laid out, one of the fishermen turns his back so that he cannot see the piles. Another fisherman points to one of the lots and asks: "Who shall have this?" The man with his back turned, mentions the name of any person who is entitled to a share, and he accepts the lot without a murmur; and so on until all are disposed of.

It is one of the innocent pastimes of the Pike County small boy to lurk at night in the bushes surrounding the shad-fisheries. A long line with a large fish hook fastened to one end of it is in his pocket. When the shad are piled up on the shore, the small boy watches his opportunity, and while the fishermen are engaged with a haul he quietly fastens his hook in a shad. An accomplice in the brush has the other end of the line, and at a signal he hauls the shad to him. Sometimes a couple of smart boys manage to get away with several shad in the course of an evening.

The shad and trout season both come together in the Delaware Valley, and the small army of local anglers is augmented by the appearance of the city sportsman, with his outfit of bamboo, oiled silk, wonderful flies, and spotless fishing suit. The superiority of the small boy's chestnut pole, horse hair line and common earthworm over the scientific appliances of the city man, as represented by the artist, is illustrated every day on the Pike County streams at this season of the year. The primitive shad fisheries, and the remarkable trout streams of the Delaware Valley, are at Milford and Shohola Glen, on the Erie Railway, about 100 miles from New York.

#### A MORMON PICTURE.

WHILE the distinguishing and detestable social peculiarity of the Mormon sect is confined, to the minority of the "latter-day saints" in Utah, at least 12,000 of them are polygamists or bigamists. How many of those closed households must have witnessed scenes as cruel as that which the artist has feelingly depicted! The wife and mother is cast aside, degraded, supplanted in her own home by the younger and prettier woman who has caught the fancy of her ruffian master. Is it in woman's nature to bear such things cheerfully? We know what wives elsewhere do when similarly outraged. The spirited ones rebel, perhaps kill; the meek hide from the sight of the world, and die broken-hearted. How is it with the Mormon women? Their oppressors represent them as contented and happy in their domestic relations. If they be indeed so, they must have attained to that condition through the wreck of all that is best in their natures, and the sacrifice of that which is supposed to be held dearest by their sex. Their deliverance is at hand, for civilization cannot much longer tolerate a sect whose chief defense of its abominable practices is based upon the recognition of vice as a natural and dominating factor in modern society.

#### PEASANT PROPRIETORSHIP IN NORWAY.

A WRITER in the *Gentlemen's Magazine* says: "Norway presents us with the grandest picture of the effects of peasant proprietorship. The property of the laborer who tills it—it has never been poisoned by the foul curse of feudalism. The title-deeds of many of these peasant holdings are in a dead language, and the names of the peasants are those of the district. The results are marvelous. Land which no English farmer would or could cultivate under our agricultural system, even if receiving a liberal bounty per acre instead of paying rent, is here made to support whole families, and that by the same race as ourselves, and in latitudes hundreds of miles further north than John o' Groat's House, some of it even within the Arctic Circle. Sailing along the Arctic coast of Norway, the tourist passes here and there little oases called 'stations,' where the steam omnibus halts to land and embark a passenger or two. If a careful observer, he may learn that in the midst of the rocky desolation there is a deposit of rock fragments and gravel left by an ancient glacier in a hollow formerly filled by the ice. This is cultivated, is a dairy farm and fishing station, farmers and fishers being all freeholders and capitalists, no such class as laborers without property existing there. One of the grandest of the Norwegian fjords is the Geiranger. It is walled by perpendicular precipices from 1,000 to 3,000 feet high. Sailing along the fjord, a boat-house is seen here and there at the foot of the dark wall. Looking skyward, directly above it may be seen what appear to be toy houses on a green patch. Closer observation reveals moving objects; a field-glass shows that they are cattle, goats and children, tethered to boulders to prevent them from straying over the edge of the precipice. A family resides up there, cultivating this bit of ancient glacier ground, backed by craggy mountain-tops, with a foreground of precipice above the fjord. The only communication between these eagle-nest farms and the outer world is by the boat below. How that boat is reached, where is the staircase of ledges on the face in the precipice, is incomprehensible to the passing tourist. In most cases no indication of a track is visible. Nothing but absolute proprietorship by the cultivator could bring such land into cultivation. Latitude 62°, altitude 2,000 to 3,000 feet. Summer three to four months long; the ground covered with snow during six to eight months of every year."

#### A MARRIAGE MARKET IN ROUMANIA.

A REMARKABLE custom exists among the Roumanians living in the westerly Carpathians. Every year, at the Feast of the Apostles Peter and Paul, a market is held on the crest of the Gains, from 5,000 to 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, and here all the marriageable girls of the entire district assemble with their parents in order to be viewed and claimed. Mothers, aunts, grandmothers, and various other female friends, contribute to the dowry, and this completed, it is carried to the market on the Gains in neatly made trunks, decorated with flowers, and carried by the family's best horses. Cattle, bees, and other household requisites are also added to the dowry. On the Gains every family which has a marriageable daughter occupies a distinct tent, in which the dowry is exhibited, and in which the bride-viewers are expected. The bachelors, too, are accompanied by parents or relatives, in whose company they inspect the girls who are eligible. The young men bring the best they possess, and each must particularly come with a girdle of gold or silver. After the brides are chosen the public betrothal takes place, being conducted by a hermit who

lives in this lonely spot. The mark of betrothal is not a ring, but a beautifully embroidered handkerchief. The betrothal is in many cases prearranged; but the ceremony must be gone through all the same. If a girl goes to the market knowing beforehand that an admirer will be there to claim her, so much the better for her. Still she must take her dowry and occupy her tent and place herself on view like the rest.

#### FACTS OF INTEREST.

TIMOTHY SEXTON, a Dublin philanthropist, has left \$40,000 for the benefit of infirm clergymen.

THE New York city Grand Jury last week made a presentment strongly condemning the system of boycotting.

A WAR between cable lines has resulted in a reduction of rates to twelve cents per word between this country and Europe.

AS MANY as 600 American girls are studying music in Milan, and there are thirteen American women studying at the University of Zurich.

THE Ben Hill statue at Atlanta, Ga., was unveiled on Saturday last. Jefferson Davis, who was present, was greeted on his arrival by a concourse of 50,000 people.

STATISTICS show that during the last three months 698 families, comprising 3,477 persons, were evicted from holdings in Ireland. During the same period 256 outrages were committed.

GERONIMO's band of Apaches are again committing depredations in Arizona, where they have killed several people. General Miles has taken active measures for the pursuit and capture of the savages.

OFFICIAL figures from the Denver Mint show the mineral output for Colorado in 1885 to have been as follows: Gold, \$5,000,000; silver, \$13,500,000; copper, \$700,000; lead, \$3,361,000; making a total of \$22,561,000.

FIVE members of the Executive Committee of the Empire Protective Association, who instigated the strike of the employés on the Third Avenue Railroad in New York city, were, last week, indicted by the Grand Jury.

THE Pope has sent an autograph letter to the Emperor William, thanking him in a very cordial manner for his recent gift of a gold cross in token of Germany's gratitude for the Vatican's mediation in the Caroline Islands dispute.

AGITATION has been proceeding for months in the midland counties of England with a view of federating the trades, especially the iron and steel workers. The organization will be based on the principles of the American Knights of Labor.

LITERARY names are largely used for designating streets in Liverpool. Among the names thus chosen are, Shakespeare, Falstaff, Rosalind, Macbeth, Wordsworth, Longfellow, Tennyson, Dickens, Pickwick, Dombey, Micawber and Sam Weller.

THE work of building a railway into the Yosemite Valley, California, is going actively forward. Twenty-five miles of the road will be in running order within a month, saving fifty miles of coaching on the round trip to visitors during the present season.

M. DE LESSEPS is splendidly lodged in a new house in the Avenue Montaigne, Paris, which was purchased by the money made by Mme. de Lesseps on her original Suez investments. Her dowry of 100,000 francs was employed in buying shares when they were below par—that is to say, at the time her marriage was agreed to. That sum last year was swollen to 1,500,000 francs.

THE Senate Committee on Commerce has resolved to report adversely the nomination of W. J. Tinnin to be Surveyor of Customs in San Francisco. To curry favor with the hoodlums, Tinnin recently delayed for two hours the landing of the Chinese Minister, and for this and other offenses the committee has concluded that he is not a fit person to be Surveyor of Customs.

THE fund for the erection of a monument to Peter Cooper is steadily growing. The sum required to erect the monument, which is to be placed in the triangular inclosure fronting his greater monument, the Cooper Union, New York city, is \$25,000. This amount has been offered in one sum by several wealthy gentlemen, but this did not meet with favor from the committee, who desired the work to be a popular one. There is now on hand about \$19,000. Many telegraph operators and typewriters who received their education in the Cooper Institute are engaged in getting subscriptions.

THE landed property of England covers some 72,000,000 acres. It is worth ten thousand millions of dollars, and yields an annual rent, independent of mines, of three hundred and thirty millions. One-fourth of this territory, exclusive of that held by the owners of less than an acre, is in the hands of 1,200 proprietors, and a second fourth is owned by 6,200 others; so that half of the entire country is held by 7,400 individuals. The population is 35,000,000. The peers, not six hundred in number, own more than one-fifth of the kingdom; they possess 14,000,000 acres of land, worth two thousand millions of dollars, with an annual rental of \$66,000,000.

#### DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

APRIL 24TH.—In Boston, Mass., T. E. Stuart, contractor and builder, aged 57 years; in New York, Dr. William L. Hardy, physician and surgeon, aged 37 years. APRIL 25TH.—In San Diego, Cal., Judge Solomon L. Withey, United States District Court for Western Michigan, aged 66 years; in Riverhead, L. I., Dr. R. H. Benjamin, physician, aged 66 years. APRIL 26TH.—In Philadelphia, Pa., the Rev. Bernard A. Maguire, Missionary of the Society of Jesus, aged 68 years. APRIL 27TH.—In Brookline, Mass., Henry H. Richardson, the eminent architect, aged 47 years; in Camden, N. J., Dr. Reynald Coates, physician, poet and mathematician, aged 84 years; in New York, Captain George B. Slicer, of the Revenue Marine Service, aged 60 years. APRIL 28TH.—In Brooklyn, N. Y., Erastus New, lawyer, aged 50 years; in Baltimore, Md., George D. Emmons, retired Chief Engineer in United States Navy; in Waltham, Mass., Horatio Moore, President of the American Watch Company, aged 75 years. APRIL 29TH.—In Boston, Mass., Colonel Ezra J. Trull, aged 44 years. APRIL 30TH.—In Wilkesbarre, Pa., the Rev. H. Browncombe, of the M. E. Church, aged 70 years; in Winchester, Va., the Rev. George W. Anderson, of the M. E. Church South, aged 79 years; in Laredo, Tex., State Senator E. F. Hall; in New Orleans, La., Mark F. Bigney, editor of the *City Item*.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE Prince of Wales has been re-elected Grand Master of the Freemasons in England.

THE Senate has unanimously rejected the nomination of Charles R. Pollard, of Indiana, to be Chief-justice of Montana.

THE widow of General J. E. B. Stuart, of the Virginia cavalry, is now keeping a prosperous girls' school at Staunton, Va.

DURING the French Parliamentary vacation Premier de Freycinet will make a new departure; he will go on the stump on an electioneering tour.

SENATOR MITCHELL of Pennsylvania is so seriously ill at Wellsboro, in that State, that he will not, probably, be able to return to his seat during the present Congressional session.

THE death of the widow of Wendell Phillips, who has been for so many years a confirmed invalid—indeed, during almost her entire married life—occurred in Boston on Easter Sunday.

LIONEL TENNYSON, the second son of Lord Tennyson, died last month of jungle fever on board the ship *Chusan* at Aden. He was married in 1878 to a daughter of Frederick Locker, the poet.

M. JULES BRÉTON, whose "Communicants," brought \$45,000 at the Morgan art sale in New York, has just been chosen to fill the place of the late M. Baudry, as member of the Department of Painting at l'Académie des Beaux Arts, Paris.

SUCCESS follows prestige. The Duke of Westminster is perhaps the richest man in England, and he enjoys every luxury of earth. And now twice he has won the Derby prize and once the Two Thousand Guineas. Some men seem to want the earth and the solar system.

SENATOR DOLPH of Oregon is regarded by the ladies as the handsomest man in the Senate. He is tall and broad-shouldered, speaks with a rich, deep bass voice and has a magnificent full beard, which falls to the middle of his waistcoat. He has a striking face and a majestic bearing, both of which attract attention.

MRS. IMOGEN WILLIS EDDY, N. P. Willis's eldest daughter, "Golden-haired Imogen," as the poet called her, is a widow, and lives in Cambridge, near Boston, with her daughter, Miss Lilian Willis, whose engagement to Mr. Boit has been announced, is a daughter of the poet by his second wife, Cornelia Grinnell Willis.

THE Committee on Expenditures of the War Department having investigated the charges against the Signal Service Bureau, has reported, exonerating General Hazen from any suspicion of corrupt conduct or bad faith in his administration of the Bureau, but suggesting the need of further legislation in regard to the powers and duties of the official in charge of it.

GRAND MASTER WORKMAN POWDERLY of the Knights of Labor has promptly put a stop to the talk about his becoming the Democratic candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania. He says he will not consent to anything of the sort, and adds: "I have no political aspirations, and even if I had, I could not neglect the interests of the organization of which I am the head."

A MOVEMENT is on foot to establish auxiliary branches to the American Opera Company in all the leading cities of the United States. The movement has already assumed shape in Boston, where \$100,000 was subscribed at a meeting last week, called for this purpose. The most prominent residents of the city have entered enthusiastically into the scheme, and promise to make it a success.

ONE of the most interesting and valuable books promised in the near future is that which General John C. Fremont is writing in Washington—the chronicle of the Pathfinder, of the conqueror of California, of the Free-soiler, of the leader of the Republican Party in its first great campaign. Mrs. Fremont, the "Jessie Benton" of our political romance, is to enrich it with sketches of her father's remarkable career.

JOHN DUBOIS, the lumber king of Pennsylvania, filed last week an absolute deed conveying all his property, valued at about \$8,000,000, to his favorite nephew, John E. Dubois. The deed bears date January 17th, 1884, so that, although for more than two years young Dubois has been in his uncle's employ, taking orders from whatever superintendent he chanced to be working under, he has been the actual owner of the entire property.

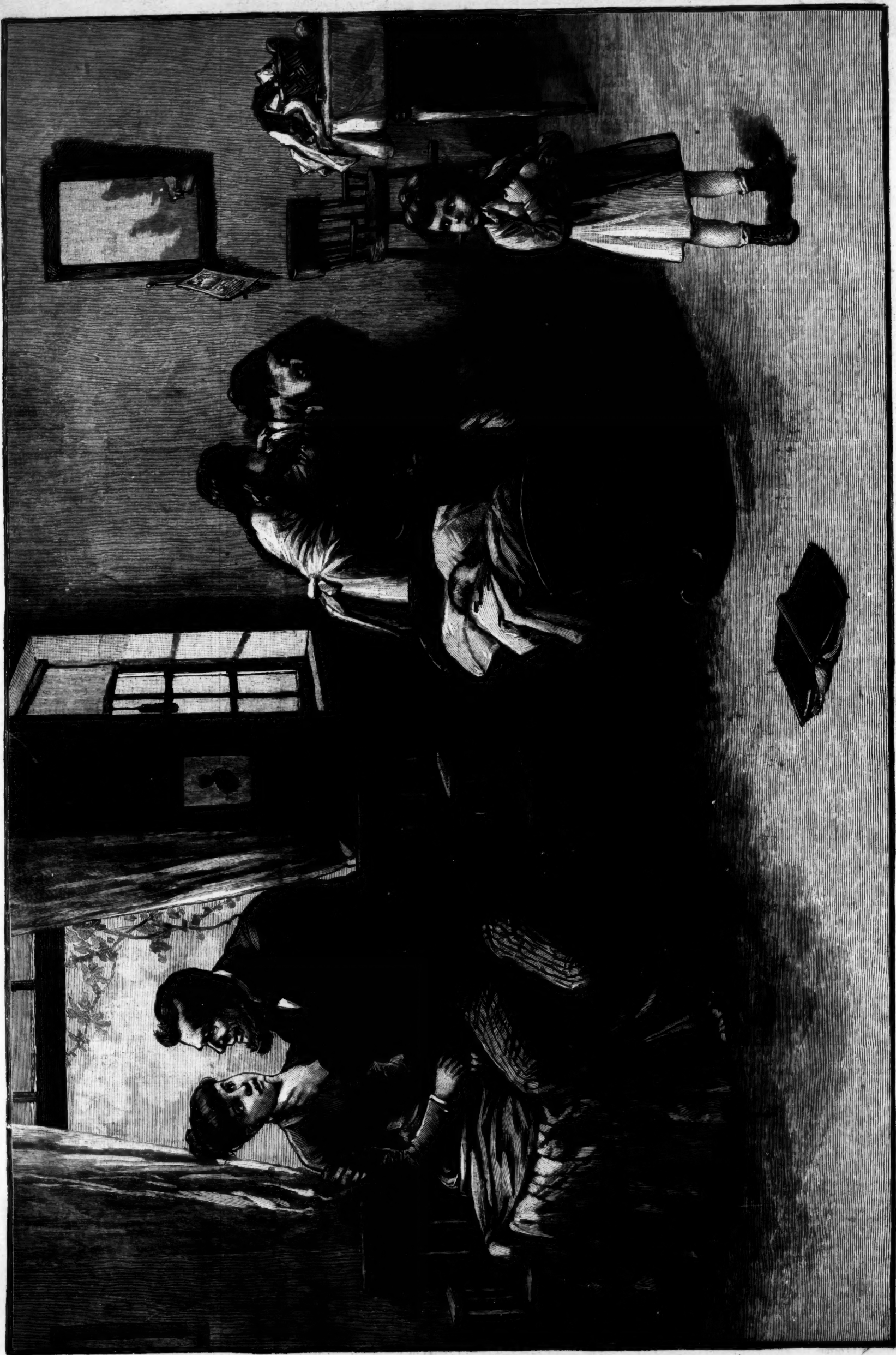
JAY GOULD has developed a taste and talent for photography. On his recent yachting trip he carried a camera and all the rest of the needful apparatus along, and visitors at his New York business office are treated to an exhibition of pictures whose duplicates are not to be found outside of Mr. Gould's possession. They are all of subjects aptly chosen, and the workmanship shown in the print is worthy of a man equipped to earn a living at the business.

THE *Galveston News* says: "United States Senator Spooner is not a teetotaler, and has never had much to say one way or the other about temperance, but it is a fact that he never touches a drop of liquor of any kind. Whenever he is questioned about it and about the general subject of temperance he replies indifferently: 'I have three boys that I love. They have never smelled liquor in my breath, and they never shall.' That's the only temperance argument that he has ever made."

EX-COMMISSIONER LORING says of Longfellow's personal get-up: "He was a consummate artist, but he had the personal weakness of all literary people about Boston. I recollect once sitting with Lowell at the old College Hotel at Cambridge, when he said: 'Just look at this coming across the street!' There came Longfellow across, walking on his heels so as to keep his boots from being muddled. He had on a red necktie, a silk vest of some fancy color, a coat of brown or olive tint with a velvet collar, and fancy gloves upon his hands. Dressed like a swell, it did look too funny for a man of his intellect."

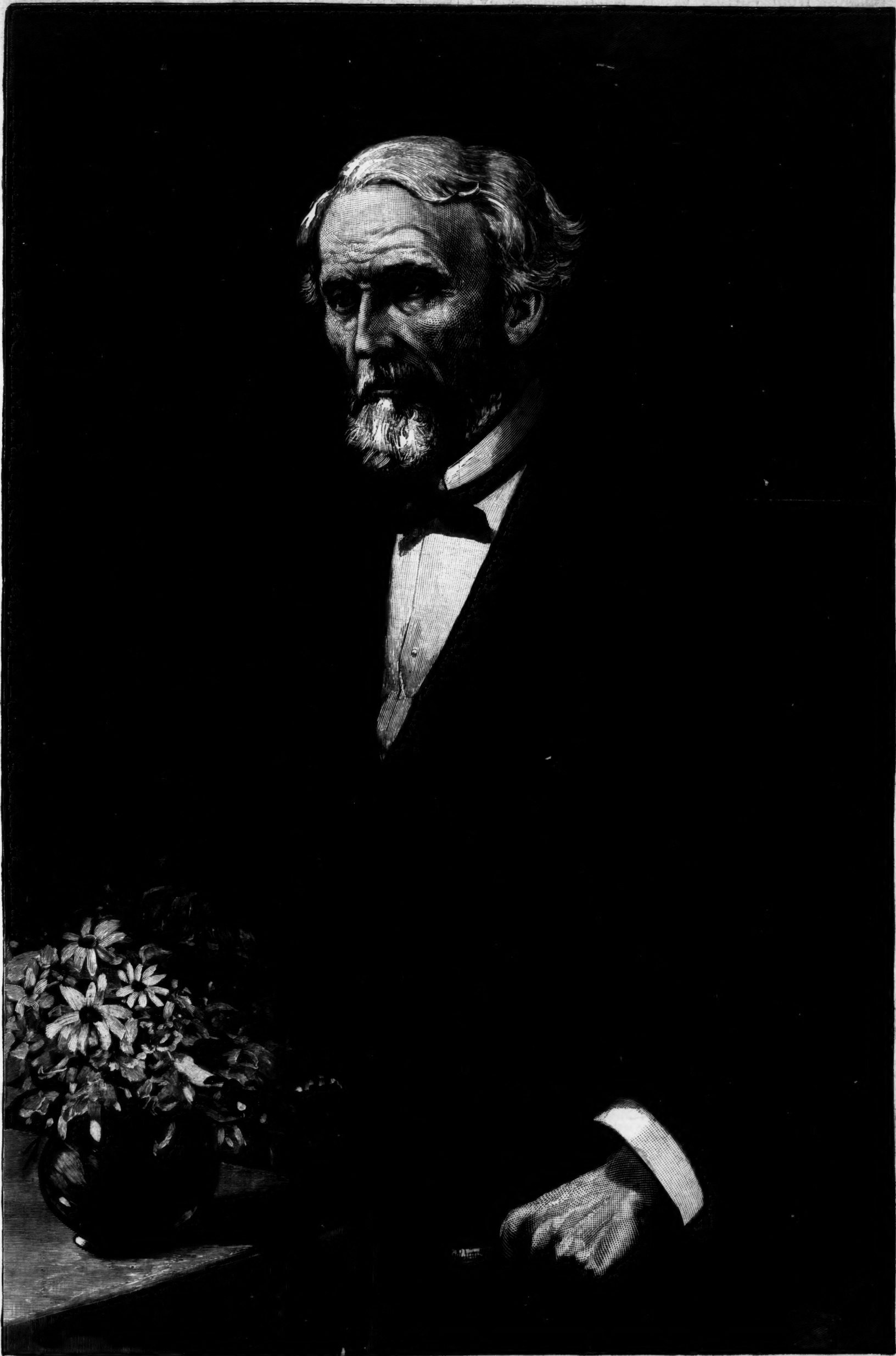
HENRY H. RICHARDSON, who died at his home near Boston on Tuesday, though but forty-eight years of age, had won a place in the very front rank of American architects. There were few, indeed, who had done more original work than he, and his belief in the Romanesque style as the basis from which a living architecture could best be developed—as illustrated especially in Trinity Church, Boston—has made as distinct and probably as lasting an impression as any recent architectural movement. He was a Southern man by birth, but a graduate of Harvard, and his professional work is inseparably associated with Boston and its neighborhood.





LIFE AMONG THE MORMONS.—THE NEW WIFE.  
SEE PAGE 183.





ALABAMA - JEFFERSON DAVIS AT MONTGOMERY, APRIL 28TH.  
SEE PAGE 186.



## The Shadow from Varraz.

By PROF. CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE,  
Author of "The Wages of Sin," "The Love and  
Loves that Jack Had," "Of Two Evils,"  
Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XIV.—IN THE HANDS OF BAD FORTUNE.

**D**ID you ever, dear reader, have handcuffs locked together over your wrists—in sport, I mean? You are clear-headed and free from nervous foolishness if it didn't give you a strange sensation. Imagine, then, if you can, my sensations as the officer deftly put the irons on me.

The situation was a horrible one. The officers had only one plain duty to do, and they did it promptly, and with a most painfully business-like suggestiveness. It is doubtless to their credit to say that they did it like gentlemen; when one who has found circumstances accusing him of such a crime as the murder of Hilda, he must have been well treated indeed to be able to say that of his captors which I have said. We formed a picturesque group. I regret my inability to describe the scene as Dante could have done. I would study art for all the remaining years of my life, except one, if in that one I could place on canvas the scene in which I took so unpleasant a part; we all love glory, and a painting which showed the group and their surroundings, as I saw them, would serve to make the somewhat unmusical name of John Adams Sylvester immortal; that would be unpleasant for the shade of Michael Angelo, of course; but what is a world without progress and improvement? But the dead Angelo may rest in his grave; I scarcely think myself equal to the task.

Let me in words try to describe the scene.

The Lady Ilga lay in a faint on the stone floor of the ancient prison-house. Her long lashes showed clearly against her marble-like features. It was only by anxious watching that I could see that she still breathed. She seemed dead, or just halting on the boundaries of another world.

An anxious officer knelt close beside the Lady Ilga, rubbing her hands. I leaned against the wall, a couple of yards away, my manacled hands raised to my eyes to brush away the tears which would come—tears for the Lady Ilga, not for myself.

The dead Hilda lay in the passage just beyond the Lady Ilga, her ghastly face scarce whiter than that of the mad woman who had unwittingly led me to so terrible a fate as now menaced me.

The officers were variously busied, here and there.

And Count Varraz, drawn up to his full height, and seeming to expand and fill the whole space with his dreadful personality, smiled with all the cheerfulness and sweetness of a fiend.

The count broke the oppressive silence.

"We must get back to the upper world again," he said, "and I think it well to be on our way as soon as possible. Let four of your men take up the Lady Ilga. You and I can bring the dead body of Hilda."

"What shall I do with my prisoner?"

"I'll tell you what I'd do if I were in your place."

"Well?"

"I'd put a bullet through his head, and toss him in where he put the murdered woman," said the count, with vindictive emphasis.

The officer smiled.

"It would be a piece of poetic justice, highly satisfying to even my law-loving mind, if the criminal could take the place of his innocent victim; unfortunately, however, my dear count, the provisions of German criminal law would not warrant such a proceeding."

"You say you would like to see that sort of vengeance follow such a crime?"

"Personally, yes. Legally, no. I am only human, with human desires and passions. Law, grown up to its present stature through slow centuries of evolution and development, partakes of the divine. I am the sworn servant of the law; but human temptations and frailties do not always let the closest and most direct followers and servants of divinity escape their tyrannical might. I shall do my duty, Count Varraz; I shall follow this crime to its legitimate conclusion; but I should be glad to see the murderer himself slain and thrown into yonder narrow cell."

"Spoken like a philosopher," applauded the count; "spoken like one who appreciates truth and has lived long enough to be sure it is not always attractive. Your keener sense of the eternal fitness of things would approve of such fate for Mr. Sylvester?"

"For the murderer," said the officer, coldly and with emphasis.

"That means Mr. Sylvester, I believe."

"I cannot answer that until there has been a trial of his case. Appearances are certainly against Mr. Sylvester."

"Against him! I should think so!"

"Pardon me, Count Varraz," said the officer, "if I say that I am not convinced of Mr. Sylvester's guilt. I am too much dazed and astonished to think clearly. I must wait a little before I shall feel that I am capable of following all the facts I have to the truth behind them. But I can do no less than say I did not expect this result."

"Possibly you did not believe my insane sister was correct in thinking there had been a murder?"

"You are wrong; I thought there had been murder done. My persistence would have been impertinent had I believed otherwise."

"It may be you feared she would not lead us to the presence of the dead?"

"On the contrary, I believed she could and would."

"You believed, doubtless, that the crime found, you had before you a long search for the criminal."

"Not so. I expected to find the criminal at my side; I looked to hear a horrid confession from the murderer's lips."

The count's face was deadly pale again. He trembled and leaned for support against the wall. "Did—did—did you think the mad woman yonder was leading you to a contemplation of some of her own dread work?"

"No, Count Varraz, I did not think that."

The count fairly gasped. He tried twice before he could speak. When he finally got his voice again, it was only a hoarse, dry whisper.

"You—you didn't kill Hilda yourself? You nor your subordinates?"

"Certainly we did not."

"And you—you dared—you dared—suspect—me!"

"I did, Count Varraz."

The count laughed, a harsh and uneasy laugh.

"It is very fortunate that you found the evidence as strong as you did; very fortunate that you are convinced of your error."

"I am not convinced of any error. I am only convinced of the inadequateness of circumstantial evidence. I will be frank enough to say, Count Varraz, that I believe yonder dead woman is your victim!"

The other officers looked up anxiously, and one and all they shook their heads. Faithful, sturdy and valiant, they had none of the keen penetration which characterized their leader, nor had they his strong moral courage.

Their anxiety was no greater than mine. I trembled at what I felt was coming next.

The count walked slowly up to the young man, who had spoken so bravely and so rashly.

"Will you arrest me?" he asked, grimly.

"No, sir. I regret having to say that I have no evidence which is tangible enough to warrant your arrest."

"I—I am still a gentleman then, am I?"

"Yes sir; but—"

"Are you gentleman enough to know what that means?" hissed the count, raising his hand and striking the officer across the face.

The young man's face flushed. He understood what it meant.

So did I.

It was not a very hard blow which the count struck. It left no mark behind upon the cheek on which it fell. The pain it caused would be gone in a brief quarter of an hour. The blow, as a blow, meant nothing; as a symbol, it meant much. It meant deadly insult, and implied dishonor; it meant that vague sort of wrong, vague indeed, to right which gentlemen have walked over the blood of their oldest and best friends, again and again and again. It meant that these two men could not breathe the air in the same land; it meant that the wide earth was too narrow for them both; it meant recourse to the *cruel code*. It meant that they were to face one another, at just such a time, just so many paces apart, to begin at a certain definite, predetermined signal—and that one (usually) denominated the more fortunate of the two) was to deliberately murder the other, in the presence of a friend of each and a professional gentleman or two. And this, my dear reader, is no exaggeration; this was just what happened. And one of these was a nobleman; the other was a Government official; and the time was well into the last half of this glorious nineteenth century. Leaving out of the question the Ladies Ilga, fortunate in wealthy homes where their deficiencies may be hidden, and the more numerous throng of stricken-minded ones whose infirmities burden the public charities of states and nations, it's a merry mad world, isn't it?

"When my official duties will permit, Count Varraz, I shall be at your service." Thus saying, the young man began to give the necessary directions for leaving the place where we then were.

He ordered the dead body left behind. Four, including himself, carried the senseless form of Lady Ilga. I was appropriately guarded. The count moved in perfect freedom. I noticed, however, that he neither hurried ahead nor lagged behind; he seemed to feel the need of human companionship, and during most of the return journey the order of march was this: First, the Lady Ilga and the four men who carried her; second, the count; last, your humble servant, the greatly astonished John Adams Sylvester, with his guard.

The Lady Ilga recovered just as we reached the wine-cellar. That is, she recovered her physical self. Her mind wandered; her look was vacant; her words were few, and what she said was incoherent. We remained there while four men went back for the remains of the unfortunate Hilda. It was a long and wearisome delay. But they came at last. And then we ascended to the first floor of the castle.

The sun was just setting. The day had been strangely exciting. Would the evening and night be less so?

"Can you settle our little difficulty now?" asked the count, approaching the officer in charge, when we once more stood on the lawn.

The officer hesitated, looked at his watch, looked anxiously at me and doubtfully at his subordinates. He went and spoke with one for a few minutes.

"I think I can be at your service within less than an hour," he said; "I have arranged to have one of my friends act as my second; he will assume control of the gentleman I have arrested, and deliver him to the prison authorities if—if the fortunes of war go with you, Count Varraz. Meantime, I have a letter or two I should like to write if you can put the necessary materials at my disposal."

"Certainly, sir," said the count, promptly; "I will have a servant show you to a room where you can have such time as you desire, and all the convenience for writing of which you find yourself in need. I will write a letter or so myself. But let us settle the manner of our encounter. I will leave the choice to you."

"Thank you, you are very kind. I remember reading somewhere of a duel which I think would

serve us well as a model. Distance—two paces; weapons—the heaviest pistols; one loaded with powder and ball, the other with powder only; draw lots for choice. How does that suit you?"

The count's face paled. Perhaps it was fear—fear born of the fact that he must trust his fate to chance instead of to coolness and excellent marksmanship; on the other hand, perhaps it was joy—joy arising from a hope that he might gain some unholy advantage over his antagonist.

"It suits me well," he said, and turned away and entered the building.

"If you have any wishes which are reasonable, they can be granted," suggested the officer to me.

"Would a parting interview with the Lady Ilga be reasonable?" I asked.

The officer smiled. He evidently believed in my innocence and the count's guilt. He evidently suspected that I was deeply interested in the Lady Ilga.

"It will be reasonable," he said, kindly, "if her condition is such as to warrant it."

I sent to inquire if I might see her, and if so, when. Her recovery had been rapid, and I was told that I would be admitted to her presence at once.

One of the officers went with me. We were shown into the great drawing-room. The officer remained at one end of the room while I conversed with Lady Ilga, so far away as to be out of his hearing, at the other.

"I am sorry to see you in that condition," said the Lady Ilga, as I came forward to where she was waiting for me, pointing to the irons on my wrists as she spoke.

"It is an annoyance, of course, a temporary one; but my innocence is my shield; I shall come out of this trial uninjured."

She raised her great eyes and looked into mine—her great eyes, which were so wonderfully beautiful, but which had such a sad lack—of something—behind them.

"I hope you will, Sylvester, for I believe you are innocent."

"Believe? Do you not know that I am?"

"When I look into your eyes I feel almost certain. But the finding of your book there was strange and terrible!"

"Strange and terrible? I think a very little reflection will convince you that it is neither. It would be terrible, indeed, if I could not explain how my book probably got to the place where it was found."

"But can you do that?" She looked straight into my eyes again as she asked the question.

"Can you doubt it? When I searched so long for a bit of paper last night, my book was missing; I supposed I had left it in my room. Would a man not have made himself certain, in a case like that, if he were guilty of such a crime? Is it not evident that the book had been dropped only a few minutes before?"

"I do not understand you, sir."

"What is it you do not understand?"

"I understand nothing of what you said. I don't know what you refer to when you speak of the bit of paper; I don't know what you mean by your attempt at explaining when and how your book came in the cell with Hilda."

"Let me help you a little. When we went down to the dungeons together last—"

She raised her dreamy eyes again—her deep eyes, deep and fathomless—and interrupted me. "But we did not go together, Sylvester; I went alone!"

I looked at her in utter amazement. I gazed in speechless consternation. She was not trifling. She was not playing with my feelings. She was my friend, my eager, earnest, troubled, anxious friend, ready to help me if she could, dreading the fate which seemed to lie before me, and this was her poor and feeble best. She remembered her night journey, with the cold and dampness and darkness, no doubt; with the awful thing at the end, certainly. And she had forgotten that I went with her!

Mad though the Lady Ilga was, what she might say would have weight; let the woman who found the dead nurse come forward and indorse the story I meant to tell, and he would be a poor lawyer indeed who failed to get me free; let her deny my tale, and I had better never have told it; let me be certain that she would not confirm what I meant to say, and I would say nothing. Without the whole, plain truth, what could I say?

Forgotten! Forgotten our conversation; my sympathy, my companionship! I was in serious danger. This strange freak of the Lady Ilga had already cost me my liberty; it might send me to the gallows.

And, besides all this, my self-esteem was sorely wounded.

I determined that I must fill up the lack in the memory of the Lady Ilga, so far at least as it related to the events of the previous night, if such a thing was possible.

"Your memory is sometimes at fault, Lady Ilga," I suggested, gently.

"It is, it is. But it is vivid regarding the events of last night. Can I ever forget their horror? Will the flying years ever blot them out? Dark, desolate, lonely. I went down there alone, Sylvester, I went down there alone!"

She had grown so excited, and she so evidently resented the assumption that her memory could possibly have been at fault at so recent a period as the previous night, that I made up my mind at once that I must humor her. If I could succeed, well and good; in no other way would success be possible.

"Who took down the bars at the great door?" I asked.

"I do not remember the bars at the door," she said, mournfully; "I remember the desolation of the downward path."

"Who tore down the brick wall?"

"I do not remember about the wall; I remember the horror I found behind it!"

"But there was a message from the dead? What of the message? Has it helped you yet?"

"The—the message? Was there a message? I think there was, but I have forgotten. What have I done with it? It must be lost if there ever was one, and I cannot help thinking there was. How did—you—know?"

I called aloud for help, and none too soon. In a minute two stout female servants helped her away to her room—unknowing, unthinking, uncaring—a creature with the face and figure of a grand woman, a woman with the sense and soul of an infant.

Some one came to the door and spoke to the man who was guarding me. I heard my name spoken. The guard came towards me.

"The count has requested an interview with you," he said. "Would you like to see him?"

(To be continued.)

## JEFFERSON DAVIS AT MONTGOMERY.

**T**HE laying of the corner-stone of a monument to the memory of the Confederate dead, at Montgomery, Ala., was last week made the occasion of a remarkable demonstration in honor of Jefferson Davis, the special guest of the festival. Mr. Davis reached the city on the evening of April 27th, and was welcomed by an ovation which is said never to have been equaled or eclipsed in that city. Houses were illuminated, fireworks brightened the heavens, artillery boomed, and a dozen bands played, while the shouts of thousands mingled with the roar and added to its volume. The carriage in which he sat, which was drawn by four white horses, made its way with difficulty, in the midst of a pouring rain, through the surging mass of humanity that blocked the streets. On the day following, the popular enthusiasm manifested itself with even greater heartiness. The city was crowded with visitors, every town in the State having sent its contingent. The entire city was gayly decorated, and the City Hall had United States flags fluttering out of every window. Pictures of Confederate generals were fastened to the outside walls, while the names of Robert E. Lee, "Stonewall" Jackson, Albert Sydney Johnston, and many other generals, fluttered to the breeze. From the topmost point of the high dome of the Capitol, towering far above everything in the city, floated the Stars and Stripes. The entire front of the building was covered with devices, while there were suspended along the front columns immense Federal flags reaching down almost to the ground. The private houses and business houses all had a liberal supply of decorations and devices and words of welcome to Mr. Davis.

The procession to the Capitol moved at two o'clock, Mr. Davis's appearance being everywhere greeted with shouts from the multitudes packing the streets. When the procession arrived at the Capitol gate, Mr. Davis left his carriage and took his seat near the historic spot he occupied on February 16th, 1861. The people—men, women and children—were packed from the steps to the front gate, and while it was impossible for a great part of them to hear, they stood in their places out of respect for Mr. Davis and their desire to see him. When order had been secured, Mayor Reese advanced to the front of the platform, and said:

"My Countrymen: It is with profound emotions that I present to you the foremost type of Southern manhood, the Hon. Jefferson Davis, ex-President of the Confederate States of America."

The scenes before enacted were repeated as Mr. Davis advanced, and it was some minutes before he could speak. It was the first time thousands in the crowd had seen him. The shouts finally dying away, the ex-President, leaning on his cane, with the Federal flag over him and Confederate veterans before him, in a clear, ringing voice, without a tremor or pause, except when interrupted by shouts of his hearers, said:

"My Friends: It would be vain if I should attempt to express to you the deep gratification which I feel at this demonstration. But I know that it is not personal, and therefore I feel more deeply grateful, because it is a sentiment far dearer to me than myself. You have passed through the terrible ordeal of war, which Alabama did not seek. When she felt her wrongs too grievous for further toleration, she sought then the peaceable solution. That being denied her, thunders of war came ringing over the land. Then her people rose in their majesty, gray-haired seers and beardless boys eagerly rushed to the front. It was that war which Christianity alone approved—a holy war for defense. Well do I remember seeing your gentle boys, so small—to use a farmer's phrase—they might have been called seed-corn, moving on with eager step and fearless brow to the carnival of death; and I have also looked upon them when their knapsacks and muskets seemed heavier than the boys; and my eyes, partaking of a mother's weakness, filled with tears. Those days have passed. Many of them have found nameless graves; but they are not dead. They live in memory, and their spirits stand out, the grand reserve of that column which is marching on with unfaltering steps towards the goal of constitutional liberty [Applause.] It were in vain if I should attempt, as I have already said, to express my gratitude to you. I am standing now very nearly on the spot where I stood when I took the oath of office in 1861. Your demonstration now exceeds that which welcomed me then. This shows that the spirit of Southern liberty is not dead. [Long and continued applause.] Then you were full of joyous hopes, you had every prospect of achieving all you desired; now you are wrapped in the mantle of regret. And yet that regret only manifests more profoundly and does not obliterate the expression of your sentiments. I felt last night, as I approached the Exchange Hotel, from the gallery of which your peerless orator, William L. Yancey, introduced me to the citizens of Montgomery, and commended me in language which only his eloquence could yield, and which far exceeded my merit; I felt, I say again, that I was coming to my home—coming to a land where liberty dies not and serious sentiments will live for ever. [Applause.] I have been promised, my friends, that I should not be called upon to make a speech, and therefore I will only extend to you my heartfelt thanks. God bless you, one and all, old men and boys, and the ladies above all others, who never faltered in our direct needs." [Long continued applause.]

When Mr. Davis retired, the shouts were so long and loud that he had to go to the front again. He bowed his acknowledgments and thanks. Governor O'Neal, when it was possible to be heard, made a speech in reference to the cause of the gathering, and of the love the people feel for the statesmen and soldiers of the South, and introduced General John B. Gordon, the orator selected to deliver the address, as in Mr. Davis's feeble condition it was understood he could speak only a few minutes. General Gordon received a rousing welcome, as many soldiers that he had commanded were present. He spoke in glowing terms of Mr. Davis's services to the Confederacy,



dwelt upon the causes and results of the war, and closed with an appeal to the Southern people to make personal honor their commanding law, and their plighted faith to the permanent union of the States for ever unquestioned. We give a single extract from General Gordon's address:

"Let malicious detraction cease. Let envy, which enslaves ignoble minds, find no place in the breast of any lover of truth. 'With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.' A just appreciation of the motives that impelled and of the heroism which sustained each army and section in their Titanic conflict is the symbol as well as sustenance of patriotism. Illiberal criticism is not only unpatriotic—it is irrational. Merited encomium of Southern heroism is implied eulogy of Northern prowess, which, inspired by devotion to the union of the States and sustained through privations and blood by the profoundest convictions, brought at last this lion-hearted section to defeat and surrender."

On Thursday, the 29th, when the corner-stone of the Confederate Monument was formally laid, the popular enthusiasm manifested itself quite as vigorously as on the day previous, Mr. Davis being loudly cheered all along the line of the procession. In his address he eulogized the Confederate dead, and warmly defended the right of secession, placing the responsibility for the civil war on the North. His closing words were as follows:

"In conclusion, permit me to say, though the memory of our glorious past must ever be dear to us, duty points to the present and the future. Alabama having resumed her place in the Union, be it yours to fulfill all the obligations devolving upon all good citizens seeking to restore the General Government to its pristine purity, and, as best you may, to promote the welfare and happiness of your common country." [Applause.]

A correspondent of the New York Times thus describes Mr. Davis's personal appearance: "A feeble old man, whose time of life is now on the verge of fourscore, came back to-day to the scenes of which he was twenty-five years ago the central figure. Time has changed him greatly. His face is pinched and deeply marked with the furrows of age. His cheeks are sunken and worn, and his hair is snow-white. His step, too, is slow and unsteady, and his eye has lost its lustre. The young girl who flung the Stars and Bars to the breeze for him in 1861 is now a schoolteacher and the mother of two children. An Ohio man hoisted the Stars and Stripes instead to-day. Not a face familiar to him was visible in the sea of faces on the lawn this afternoon. Most of the old ones have passed away."

#### GOING TO BED IN ICELAND.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Philadelphia Press writes from Lang, Iceland: "All members of an Iceland family sleep in one room, and this, indeed, often serves all purposes save that of kitchen. Very narrow, and from six to twenty feet long, according to the size of the family, with a row of low bunks on either side, leaving a space three or four feet wide down the centre, these rooms are lighted by one small window at the end, ventilated by the door or the trap through which they are entered from below and warmed by the heat of the bodies collected in them. The steeply pitched roof, constructed of rafters and overlapping boards and covered on the outside with a thick layer of growing turf, rests on low walls, and makes it impossible to stand upright, except under the ridge. The priests' houses and a few others have guest-chambers, with sometimes a stove, which is only used on extraordinary occasions, owing to the difficulty of transporting fuel from the seaports. Parties of tourists stop where there is a chamber and shiver out the night on the eight-inch wide benches, the vestment-chests or the floor; but if there are only one or two of you and no guest-room, or that is already filled, you generally share, for experience's sake, in the somewhat promiscuous nightly packing of the family—for experience's sake, mind you, and you always get it, as well as the only good idea of the home life of the people."

"Upon one evening I found myself in a room smoky and dimly lighted by seal oil, burned with a wick of cotton-grass in a lamp of brass, much like the ancient lamps of the Greeks, but furnished with an overhanging arm and a swivel and boat-hook arrangement, which permits of its being stuck or hung wherever the user wishes. Two bunks on one side and one on the other were literally full. In one a man and two boys, in another two women and children, and in the third three men, all packed like sardines in a box, the head of one on the same pillow as the feet of his next bedfellow, and the space that was not occupied by human beings probably was by beings inhuman. After shaking up the many boxes and bundles under the rude mattress, and giving a poke or two to the feather or down bed which is the only form of covering known in Iceland, one of the girls motioned us to the bed where we were to sleep (an Iceland gentleman was to share my bed), and then, as if it were an everyday occurrence to shock the senses of a modest traveler, while we were still undressing she, with two others, proceeded to disrobe and take possession of the bunk opposite ours, until 'the last in bed put out the light.'"

"When we turned out next morning, the daylight revealed nothing new, except, perhaps, the many little articles stuffed into every nook and crevice. Furniture is scarce and a chest of drawers a luxury in an Icelandic habitation, and the odds and ends are hung on nails in the roof, stuffed into the cracks or in boxes hidden away under the mattresses in the bunks. Horn spoons, knives and forks, bits of cloth, needles, books and fishhooks were tucked promiscuously away, and old clothes and fish hung over lines stretched lengthwise of the ridgepole. It was interesting to see the men, after slipping into the few clothes they had removed upon retiring, sit on the edge of the beds chatting and sipping the coffee brought by the women."

#### DIGGING OUT THE EGYPTIAN SPHINX.

M. RENAN has published an earnest appeal on behalf of the excavations undertaken in Egypt by M. Maspero. The special object for which funds are just now needed is to clear away the sand which half buries the Great Sphinx of Ghizeh. M. Renan says: "The clearing of the Great Sphinx was begun two months ago. Up to the present time the ordinary resources of the Boulak Museum have sufficed for the work, which might be completed in sixty days if money did not fail. About twenty thousand francs only are wanted. The Great Sphinx of Ghizeh, at two steps from the Pyramids, is, in my opinion, the most astonishing work of the hand of man which past ages have bequeathed to us. It is an immense bed of carved rock, about seventy metres in length. The

height of the monstrous structure, if it were cleared, would exceed that of the highest houses. No fashioned monument, either in the rest of Egypt or in the rest of the world, can be compared to this strange idol, the vestige of a stage of humanity which baffles all our ideas."

"The impression which such a spectacle must have produced on imaginative races, and who were dominated by the senses, may be understood from that experienced by the Egyptians of the present day when standing before that enormous head, emerging from the sand, and casting across the desert its sad look. The Arab, at this sight, flies terrified, either throwing a stone or firing a gun at the strange being. The temple opposite the Sphinx, if it is a temple, has also a character of its own. This fantastic construction resembles less the other temples of Egypt than the Pantheon resembles Notre Dame. But that all this ensemble, which is unique in the world, must be of the remotest antiquity, is indisputable, since the statues found there are those of King Chepren, thus taking us back to ages which, everywhere but in Egypt, would be called fabulous."

#### CURIOUS ACTION OF MIND ON MIND.

A WRITER in the *Christian Intelligencer* says: "Talking of these tests recently with a friend, who has been a professor until within a short time in an important institution, he described a trial made at his residence by a company of acquaintances who were spending an evening with his family. At his suggestion, and as an experiment which might afford amusement and instruction, a lady was chosen, was blindfolded and seated on a chair, and was furnished with a pencil and paper. The professor left the room, and in the hall drew a zigzag, nondescript figure on a paper he held. Returning and standing behind the lady on the chair, and fastening his mind intently on his drawing, she began in a few moments to draw slowly the irregular lines he had put on his paper. To test the matter still further, he again left the room, and drew as perfect a circle as he could on a fresh paper. Returning, and under the same conditions, the lady drew a similar circle, then hesitated a moment, and then, to the surprise of all, drew a straight line from above the circle down into it. In a moment he remembered that on going out the second time his first intention had been to draw as perfect a rectangle as he could, and that he had carried out this intention so far as to draw the perpendicular line of one side of the figure, and inadvertently left this line on the side of the paper when he changed his mind in favor of the circle. The lady had followed a reversed order of the processes of his mind, and, the first intention being indistinct to him, had, in a hesitating way, repeated the straight line and carried it into the circle, instead of keeping it outside of it."

#### SIXTY-TWO CHILDREN.

THE Naples correspondent of the *Paris American Register* writes: "The most extraordinary case of fecundity that I ever heard of came to my knowledge last week. About twenty-five miles from here, and by rail two or three stations beyond Pompeii, is the historical city of Nocera (the Nucera of the ancients). Twenty times have I passed through Nocera this past Summer and Autumn, and have always admired the wonderful productiveness of the fields, the vineyards and the orchards. But there is something strictly true which, in human productiveness, rivals the exuberance of the soil, viz.: In the *rieme* (or ward) of Liposta lives Maddalena Granata, aged forty-seven, who was married at the age of twenty-eight to a peasant, just nineteen years ago. Maddalena Granata has given birth to (either dead or living) sixty-two children, fifty-nine of whom were males. She enjoys florid health, is robust, and twenty-four hours after her last *accouchement* was ready to go out to her accustomed labor in the fields. She has no hesitancy about conversing with any one about her extraordinary prolificness. Her physician, Dr. Raphael de Sanctis, of Nocera, says there is not the least exaggeration in these statements. Has any one ever heard of such phenomenal fecundity in the whole history of maternity—sixty-two children, alive or dead, in nineteen years; i. e., on an average twelve children every fourteen months! I leave it to your medical or surgical readers to make their researches and see if in all their statistics they can find a parallel case."

#### "EMPRESS EUGENIE, AND—HOMELESS."

THE following is the latest story that is told about the Empress Eugénie, who has ever been a striking figure since the day she charmed Napoleon III. with the wreath of violets which she wore in her golden hair. "Twas morning then, but now the night has come." A few days ago, says the chronicler in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, a visitor to the Marcus Church at Venice, where the ex-Empress is now staying, observed a lady, dressed in deepest mourning, kneeling in long, silent prayer before one of the side altars. When at last she rose, she looked about her in search of something which she missed, and then walked slowly away, supporting herself by the wall towards the entrance. The stranger politely offered her arm, which was gratefully accepted, the lady meanwhile explaining that one of the beggars must have taken her silver-headed walking-stick away, without which she was "very helpless." Outside the church two liveried footmen were waiting; the stranger, on retiring, offered his address card (alas, for cruel Nemesis, he was a German from Berlin!), glancing at which the lady was seen to shudder slightly, and then return the civility by whispering, "Empress Eugénie, and—homeless."

#### CATTLE STAMPEDES.

"It is surprising," says Mr. John H. Sullivan, "what a trifling thing will start a stampede that may cost many lives and the loss of hundreds of cattle before it can be controlled. I was coming up the Texas trail once with a party of other cowboys. We had 4,000 cattle in the bunch. One of the boys opened his tobacco-pouch to get a chew. The wind blew a shred or two of the fine cut out of his fingers. The tobacco floated away and lodged in a steer's eye. In a moment the eye began to smart, and the steer got wild. Its antics started others, and in ten seconds the whole herd was surging and dashing about, out of all control. It was two days before we got the herd working quietly again. Two of our best boys were trampled to death, and 4,000 cattle were lost."

"Hail-storms are greatly dreaded by cowboys on the trail, especially if they come at night when the cattle are sleeping. If a hailstone happens to

strike a steer in the eye a stampede is sure to follow. He springs to his feet, and in thrashing around tramps on the tails of others. They jump in pain. The herd is alarmed, and before anything can be done the whole lot are off like a flash. The bark of a coyote, when everything is still at night, is sufficient to stampede a herd. A blade of grass, blown along by the wind, frequently strikes a steer in the eye. The pain that follows will set him wild, and he can soon have the herd on the run across country at a twenty-mile-an-hour gate."

"It is during stampedes the cowboy has work to do. His one great object is to keep the flying herd together. He urges his mustang dead against the advancing column of frantic cattle at the constant risk of his life, and works the cattle gradually in a circle. The cowboys all ride to the right around a stampeding herd. If they can get the cattle to running in a circle, the first important step in controlling them is accomplished. I have been with a party in a stampede when we were obliged to ride around a herd for a distance of over 200 miles before we got it under control, and then it was only twenty-five miles from where the stampede started. In all that time not one of us took a moment's rest or a bite to eat. Such things can't be thought of during a stampede."

#### REVISING A DICTIONARY.

A COMPLETE revision of Webster's Dictionary is in progress at New Haven. President Noah Porter, of Yale College, is the editor-in-chief, and has entire charge of the enterprise. The work is being carried on in an immense building at the corner of Orange and Elm Streets. President Porter is assisted by a large corps of eminent literary authorities, who are mainly Yale professors, though some of the associate editors are from other colleges. In addition to this board of associate editors, there are several assistants or clerks, a majority of whom are recent Yale graduates. Nearly 100 persons in all are employed on this work. When asked about the revision, President Porter manifested extreme reticence upon the subject, but he finally said: "The same general plan will be observed in the revision now in progress as in the last revision of which I was the editor. The generally accepted forms of spelling will be preserved as far as possible, though advocates of the advanced methods of spelling, such as Professor Marsh, of Lafayette College, and Professor Whitney, of Yale, desire the adoption of new forms in many words. In general, words will be Anglicized as far as possible, though some words of Greek and Latin derivation may retain their foreign plurals. As regards the disputed plural of the word 'caucus,' I know of but one possible plural, namely, 'caucuses,' and this form will be used in this word and other words of the same class. All words of recent origin, which convey distinct ideas and are recognized and used by reputable authors, will be incorporated in the revision. The word 'dude' I believe to convey a specific idea expressed by no other word, and though it may be hard to give a definite description of the meaning which the word conveys, I think it will be incorporated in the revision. The word 'boycott' is also a word of definite meaning and of recent origin, and will probably be incorporated."

#### THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

In Turin a new Raphael, it is believed, has been found. It is a profile portrait, and bears the words "Urbino, 1497."

THE Art Institute of Detroit is awaiting its new building, now in course of erection. The building when completed will have cost \$100,000.

OIL from pine-wood is now manufactured on a considerable scale at the South. The material is subjected to intense heat in sealed retorts, and one cord of it is said to yield fifteen gallons of turpentine, eighty gallons of pine-wood oil, fifty bushels of charcoal, 150 gallons of wood vinegar, and a quantity of inflammable gas and asphaltum.

TO WRITE on glass with common ink or India ink, warm the glass, bathe the surface with a varnish of eighty parts by weight of high-grade alcohol, five parts of mastic, and eight parts of damar. This varnish is very hard, brilliant and transparent. Ink drawings may readily be made on this surface. After completion, a thin layer of gum is added.

A STRIKING similarity to black walnut, it is said, can now be manufactured from poor pine by the following method: One part of walnut peel extract is mixed with six parts of water, and the wood is coated with the solution. When the material is about half dry, a solution of bichromate of potash with water is rubbed on it, and the walnut is ready. In this way excellent walnut can be made from poor pine, and it is said to defy detection except upon very close examination.

A NEW metal, called by the inventor, Albert Assman, of Rahway, N. J., "assayme," is produced by a special treatment of tin. It has all the good qualities of the latter, can be pressed into any shape, or cast into statuary, or used for plate ware of any description. A beautiful bronze color can be given to the metal, or any shade from bronze to a silver color; and as it does not in the least corrode, it is specially valuable as a silver solder. It melts at a temperature of 432 degrees, or 18 degrees less than tin.

A HOLLOW steel float, eighty feet square, anchored in mid-ocean, and bearing a sixty-foot light tower, is the suggestion of an English inventor. He would have this known as a harbor of refuge in distress, or a place for transmission of ship news by telegraph, and as a weather station. The saving of cost in cable telegraphing alone by the use of relay instruments on the lightship would, in his opinion, be sufficient to pay its current expenses. He undertakes to provide secure anchorage, stability and harmless deflection of waves.

THE results of experiments made thus far in the purification of water by aeration have attracted much notice. This method is well known to be based on the discovery that the action of air in purifying water is greatly increased by mixing the air and water under pressure. A Fairmount (Philadelphia) turbine engine was converted into an air-pump, which delivered twenty per cent, by volume, of free air into the water main, this being the proportion found necessary to surcharge the water. Analysis showed that the quantity of free oxygen in the aerated water was seventeen per cent, greater than before aeration, while the quantity of carbonic acid was fifty-three per cent, greater, and that of the total dissolved gases was sixteen per cent, greater.

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE treaty of commerce between France and China has been signed at Tientsin.

AN attempt is to be made, under the patronage of the Czar, to introduce the cultivation of American cotton in Russia.

AN edict of Archbishop Taschereau of Montreal, forbidding Catholics to join the Knights of Labor, was read in all the Catholic churches of Canada on Sunday last.

THE Spanish Senate elections resulted in the return of 128 Ministerialists, 28 Conservatives, 6 Independents, 4 Republicans, and 2 members of the Dynastic Left.

THE half-holiday movement in New York has culminated in the passage of a law, which the Governor has approved, allowing banks and public offices to close at noon on Saturday.

THE railway strike at St. Louis shows signs of collapse. The demonstrations in favor of the eight-hour movement are increasing in Chicago, New York, and elsewhere. It meets with almost solid opposition from employers.

THREE shares of New York *Tribune* stock were sold at auction last week, par value \$1,000 per share, for \$6,600 per share. At the same time and place was sold one share of the *Journal of Commerce*, par value \$1,000, for \$10,000.

THERE was a significant incident at Strasburg, capital of Alsace-Lorraine, one day last week. A French officer, attired in uniform, was married there to an Alsatian. After the ceremony a crowd of 3,000 persons followed the officer, shouting "Vive la France," and displaying great enthusiasm.

A LIST of 234 divorce cases is set down for trial at the present term of the Suffolk County (Mass.) Court. Of the 162 uncontested cases, 100 are brought by wives against their husbands. Of the 73 contested cases, only 35 are brought by wives. The list includes several cases in high life which will develop sensational scandals.

AFTER a contest of great bitterness, the City of Richmond, Va., has declared against prohibition by a majority of 5,681 in a total vote of about 12,000. The towns of Lynchburg and Manchester also voted in favor of the liquor party. The result is regarded as practically settling the agitation in Virginia for a long time to come.

WHOLESALE conflagrations continue to be reported from several parts of Austria. The town of Friedland, in Moravia, has been almost totally destroyed by fire, during the progress of which ten persons were killed. The towns of Dobrowlany, Bojaniec and Chyrow have been completely destroyed, and the town of Sanok has been greatly damaged.

THE report of the committee of the Ohio House of Representatives on the investigation of the charges against Senator Payne and the testimony taken by that committee were presented to the United States Senate last week. Mr. Payne said he was entirely content to leave the matter in the hands of the Committee on Privileges and Elections, to which it was referred.

AN iron tower 984 feet high is to be erected on the grounds of the coming Paris International Exhibition. The tower will be supported by four pillars, which will be higher than the magnificent towers of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, which have an altitude of 295 feet. The structure will cost \$1,000,000, and will be surmounted by a powerful electric light that will be visible, it is believed, as far as Dijon, which is 197 miles south-east of Paris.

THE Cree chief, Big Bear, and three of his head men, all of whom have been in the penitentiary for nearly a year for their acts in connection with the Riel rebellion, have been set at liberty and ordered back to their reservation. Big Bear is greatly broken both in health and spirits; but his people, who dwell to the number of 1,500 on the Upper Saskatchewan River, are preparing to give the old man a reception on his return which will probably inspire him with new hope.

A MASS-MEETING in favor of Home Rule in Ireland, held in Washington last week, was largely attended by Congressmen. Mr. Randall acted as chairman, and speeches were made by Senators Van Wyck and Riddleberger and Representatives Gilson and Phelps. Letters were read from Senators Sherman and Logan and from Samuel J. Tilden, and great enthusiasm was manifested. The resolutions adopted included a cable message to Messrs. Gladstone and Parnell, cordially approving and sustaining their efforts for self-government for Ireland.

A PARIS dispatch says that the Abbé Casanova, a Corsican archaeologist, has discovered archives which show that Christopher Columbus was born in the town of Calvi, in the Island of Corsica, and emigrated to Genoa. President Grévy, having examined the evidence, and being satisfied of its authenticity, has authorized the authorities of Calvi to celebrate by an official holiday the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America. The inhabitants of Calvi will hold a *fête* on May 23d, when a commemorative inscription will be placed on the house in which Columbus was born.

THE Senate Committee on Commerce has decided to report Captain Eads's ship railway scheme in a new shape and with a new title. The House Committee agreed upon a Government guarantee of \$37,500,000, to be paid at the rate of \$2,500,000 annually for fifteen years; the Senate Committee reduces the guarantee to \$7,500,000, not more than \$2,500,000 to be paid the first year, and not more than \$1,500,000 in any subsequent year, and the payments to be limited to five years. Another important change requires the company safely to transport a loaded vessel weighing not less than 6,000 tons before the guarantee becomes operative.

NEW ENGLAND manufacturers are organizing to resist the demands of certain labor organizations. One organization in Rhode Island includes forty-nine large mills. Another society embraces all of the cotton mills of any importance in Massachusetts, Maine and New Hampshire. Thus far not a large number of woolen mills have joined the organization, but numerous applications have been made, and it is probable that the entire cotton and woolen interests of the three States will soon be included. The aims of the society are in no sense aggressive, its purpose not being to attack the Knights of Labor, but simply to protect the mills which belong to the organization against persecution, and better prepare capital to arbitrate differences and to prevent the abuses which have attended several strikes.

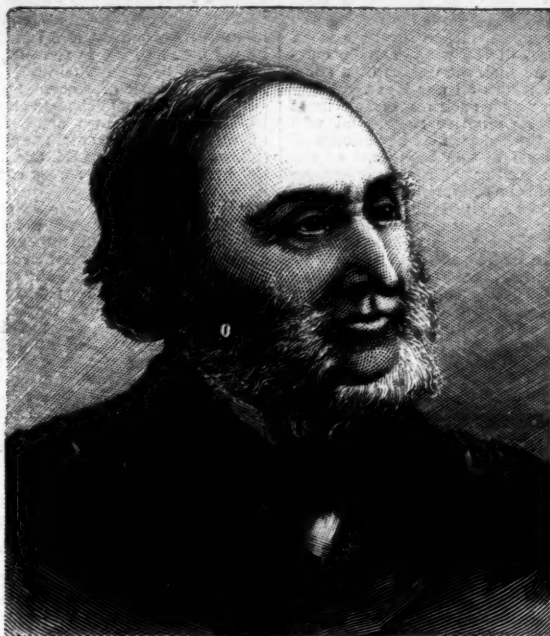


## CAPTAIN DOUGLASS OTTINGER.

CAPTAIN DOUGLASS OTTINGER, whose portrait is given on this page, has had a notable career. He is not only senior captain of the Revenue Cutter Service, but is also the inventor of the life-car, discoverer and namer of Humboldt Bay, Cal., and modeler and commander of the revenue steamer *Commodore Perry*, which made a speed of over nineteen miles an hour. The history of the United States Life-saving Service may be said to have begun in 1848. In that year the United States Government was led to consider the subject of loss on their shores, chiefly through the energy of Hon. W. A. Newell, of New Jersey, a member of the House of Representatives. Captain Douglass Ottinger was charged with the management and construction of the service, and to him its early successes were largely due. The introduction of his life-car added immensely to the efficiency of the service, and the invention justly ranks among the most useful of the age. Congress recognized its great value, some years ago, by voting Captain Ottinger an appropriation of \$10,000. At the advanced age of eighty-one years he is now living in retirement at his home in Erie, Pa., in good health, and surrounded by friends who fittingly estimate his public services and personal worth.

## SHOW-DOGS.

As an offset to the hostile spirit manifested against the canine species in consequence of the present hydrophobia epidemic, we have the dog-show, which assembles for exhibition and competition the noblest specimens of this faithful brute-friend of man. All metropolitan shows of this sort are fully as interesting as Barnum's menagerie. Mastiffs, St. Bernards, Newfoundlanders, pointers, setters, spaniels, hounds, collies, terriers, bulldogs, and the numerous toy breeds, are all represented; and if the canine congress passed resolutions after the human fashion, the names



PENNSYLVANIA.—DOUGLASS OTTINGER, SENIOR CAPTAIN OF THE REVENUE CUTTER SERVICE.  
FROM A SKETCH BY MRS. I. B. GARA.

of M. Pasteur and his patients would undoubtedly be covered with scorn and sarcasm. As it is, the dogs sit in silent dignity while the judges take their points, making no effort to corrupt or prejudice the committee, and betraying neither excitement nor jealousy in the matter of the distribution of the prizes. Here are lessons for whoever may choose to learn.

The candidate shown in our picture is a magnificent mastiff—one of the kind that bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home, and equally sonorous menace to unlicensed intruders. The judges criticise his height, length, build, the shape of his muzzle, the breadth of his loins, the condition of his coat, his jaws, his legs and feet, his walk, the hanging of his ears. "Look me all over, gentlemen; size me up," he seems to say. "I can bear inspection. Only mind what you're about, for I won't be mauled. I know well enough that I'm a fine fellow, and could chew up any other dog in the show—you, too, for that matter; but, of course, I'm too dignified to get into a row. As long as you and the rest of the world understand that, your prize awards are a matter of supreme indifference to me."

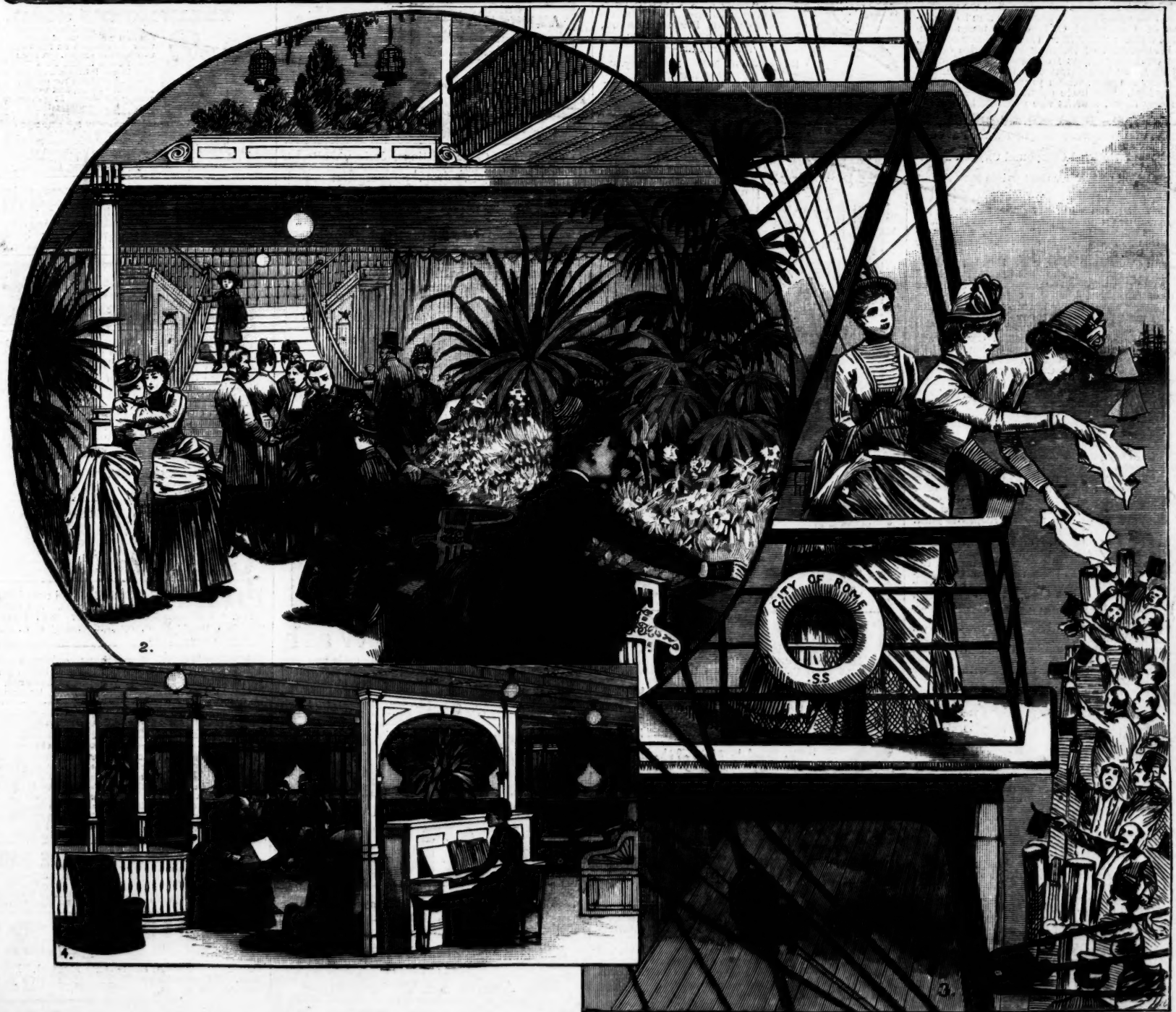
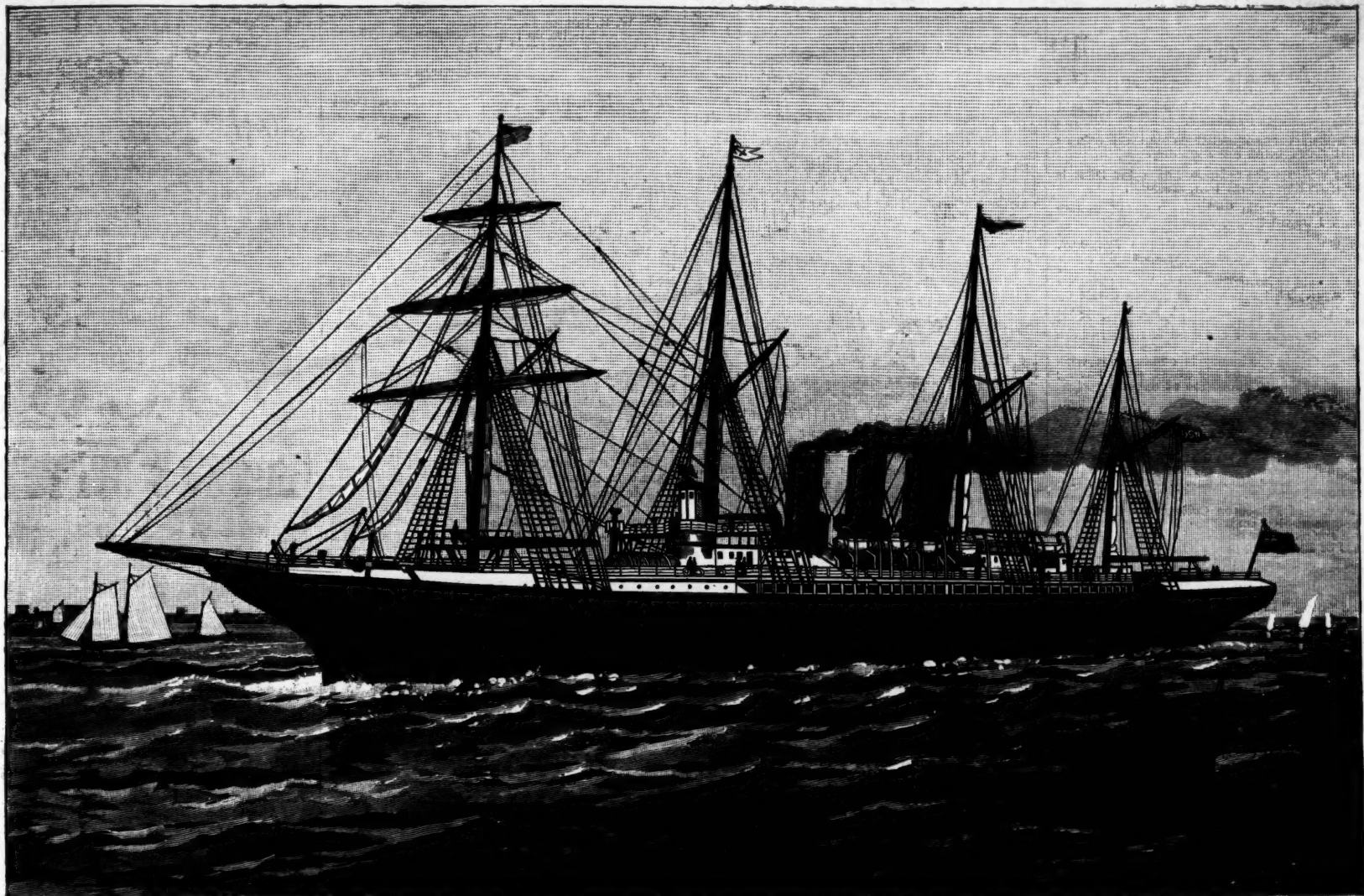
## SOUTHERN INDUSTRIAL ENTERPRISE.

THE Baltimore *Manufacturers' Record*, in its quarterly review of the industrial progress of the South, says that among the new enterprises reported organized for the past three months there were 4 iron furnaces, 3 cotton mills, 19 ice factories, 17 machine shops and foundries, 3 stove foundries, 4 agricultural implement factories, 18 flour mills, 24 tobacco factories, 7 furniture factories, 9 gas works, 12 electric light works, 7 carriage and wagon factories, 28 mining companies, and 110 lumber mills, including saw mills, sash and door factories, stave and cooperage factories, etc. The total amount of capital, including capital stock of incorporated companies, invested in new manufacturing and mining enterprises at the South, and in the enlargement of old plants and the rebuilding of mills destroyed by fire during the first three months of 1886,



SCENE AT A DOG-SHOW.—JUDGING A MASTIFF.  
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.





1. THE STEAMSHIP "CITY OF ROME." 2. THE GRAND SALOON. 3. BRIDES ON THE BRIDGE. 4. THE MUSIC-HALL.

SCENES ON THE "OCEAN GREYHOUND," "CITY OF ROME."

FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 182.



aggregated about \$36,557,000, against \$21,000,000 for the corresponding period of 1885.

### FUN.

It is a cold day when the female book agent stays at home by the fire.

Fat girls are becoming fashionable. It is said they keep a toboggan steadiest.

He must be a very superstitious man who refuses to take thirteen cents for a shilling.

We can ridicule the red-nosed man, but there is something brilliant about him, after all.

"I NEVER," said the inebriate, "found money tight until I began to get tight myself."

"ARE we alive?" asks the Palmyra Democrat. Step on a carpet tack and you can find out.

THERE is said to be a rage now in Paris to marry late at night. This teaches the bride to wait up for him.

If a passion, like love, grows by what it feeds upon, there is no doubt the wish is fodder of the thought.

A NEW English dictionary is coming out with 240,000 words. People who are ever bent on having the last word should subscribe at once.

"HELLO! Charlie, what are you doing now?" "Nothing. You see we had a fire down at our store." "You did?" "Yes, I was fired."

"DOES your son affect any particular school of art?" asked the visitor. "No—yes—well, he's painting a Belladonna for the religious art gallery," replied the fond mother.

THE library of Princeton College contains 5,000 books and pamphlets on baptism. A student there can get a sprinkling or entirely immerse himself in this class of literature, just as he pleases.

MANY people expressed surprise at learning that M. Carillon, who ran the late unfortunate Italian opera, was a chemist. But why? Surely if anything is a "drug" in the market, Italian opera is.

### LOTTA—PHILADELPHIA'S FAVORITE.

It was always a marvel to the amusement-loving public how Lotta could be so sick that the Chestnut Street Opera House, Philadelphia, was compelled to be closed for one week, about two years ago, and that at the end of that time she was well enough to resume her play of "Nitouche." More than this, it was noticed that her voice had acquired fresh volume, and in "Nitouche," which is a singing play, she could be heard in ensemble as well as in solo. Among all the gifted ladies who adorn the stage Lotta is decidedly the pet and favorite. Her intense vitality, her beauty, and the versatility of her talents, draw all classes to see her. She has been on the stage since her eighth year, and in all that time the breath of scandal has never once assailed her. She is a phenomenally devoted child to her mother, in whose society she is found at all times. Can it be wondered at that this little lady returned so soon to her labor at the Opera House, when we remember that this speedy restoration was due to the inhalation of Compound Oxygen? A press correspondent writes: "It was at the residence of Mrs. James H. Heverin, of Delancy Place (wife of the eminent counselor), that I obtained a brief interview with Lotta in reference to the treatment of Mrs. Starkey & Palen, which prevented her a great pecuniary loss. The little comedienne was spending the day there, and as she answered my card she came bounding into the parlor, throwing herself into a luxurious armchair, and as soon as the formalities of a visit were complied with, I at once broached my subject.

"I hear you have tried Compound Oxygen Treatment, Lotta?"

"Oh, yes! You remember the terrible sore throat I had two years ago—that it baffled the skill of my New York physicians? After burning my throat, and positively prohibiting my appearance before an audience for an unlimited time, I was promised great things if I would try the 'Oxygen,' so I immediately came to Philadelphia and put myself under the care of Drs. Starkey & Palen."

"Did you experience relief immediately?"

"It was evident from the first inhalation that I had done the right thing, for it seemed to bring the whole trouble under immediate control."

"Then you do not favor the use of the throat, or any of the methods usually resorted to?"

"No; I think it a harsh and cruel treatment, and it cannot be long before Compound Oxygen will come to the rescue of all the profession."

"Drs. Starkey & Palen claim that the health obtained by the Compound Oxygen treatment is as genuine and permanent as one's original health. Does your experience confirm that opinion?"

"Yes, it most certainly does. I have not been sick an hour since I used the Oxygen. My mother has also been greatly benefited by the use of the Oxygen, and is as great an enthusiast as I. It seems to invigorate the whole constitution, and imparts fresh life to every part of the body. In my profession I am always studying from Nature. I observe the expressions, gestures and ways of the various people with whom I meet, and find that my power of observation has grown more acute and discriminating since my treatment with the Oxygen. In the voice alone there is a most perceptible gain. Long and sustained notes have become easy, and, whether talking or singing, I find it now no labor. Persons who sing or talk much on stage or platform feel a certain amount of exhaustion at the end of the season, and to them the use of the Compound Oxygen would be of great value. I wonder these gentlemen have not brought it to the notice of the acting profession before. It is just what we all need."

"Do you think it would have the same effect on the system as change of climate?"

"Yes, and without the disadvantages of long journeys in pursuit of health, such as the loss of home comforts and the interference with regular business pursuits."

"Did you have any unpleasant sensations while taking the Oxygen?"

"No; on the contrary, the sensations were pleasant."

"Do you give your full consent to make this interview public?"

"I certainly do. You are at liberty to say I said so."

Miss Lotta is one of the busiest little ladies in the world. Her engagements are continuously requiring her presence in the cities each season. She owns theatres and real estate in America and Europe, and large tracts of wooded land in the Northwest—indeed, she is one of the wealthiest ladies of the stage. Lotta is modest about her own merits. She believes the test of talent is public appreciation. Surely no one has passed this test with greater *éclat* than this gifted lady, who is still young and fresh. Now if the Compound Oxygen can bring back to the stage each year this favorite and pet, in prime health, the public can but thank Drs. STARKEY & PALEN. Any who may desire to know more of the treatment of which so kindly words are spoken, should write to the office of the physicians, 1529 Arch Street, for the literature on the subject, which is mailed free to all applicants.

"I SAY, waiter!" shouted the impatient gentleman; "do you know that you remind one of the millennium, you're such a long time coming." "I beg your pardon, sir," replied the polite attendant, "but you also remind me of something, to wit, the American eagle—such a distance between tips, you know." The matter was straightway settled by arbitration.

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites is prescribed by physicians all over the world. It is a remarkable remedy for Consumption, Scrofula, and wasting diseases, and very palatable.

We would call attention to the advertisement of FAULKNER & ALLAN, Philadelphia, Pa. These gentlemen are known by the high character of the works which they handle, and their generous treatment of agents who sell for them. Dealing only in standard works, they give steady employment to large numbers of men who make more than average salaries. The "Atlas of the World," of which they have lately secured the control, is a very remarkable book, and is certain to rival in sales even the most sensational. They have room for a few good men, and those who apply early will find it greatly to their advantage to do so. Read their card.

"The leprous distilment, whose effect holds such an enmity with blood of man, That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through The natural gates and alleys of the body,"

And causes the skin to become "barked about, most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust. Such are the effects of diseased and morbid bile, the only antidote for which is to cleanse and regulate the liver—an office admirably performed by Dr. PIERCE'S "GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY."

### ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. WISLAW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

YOUNG men or middle-aged ones, suffering from nervous debility and kindred weaknesses, should send 10 cents in stamps for illustrated book suggesting sure means of cure. Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS is known as the great regulator of the digestive organs all over the world. Have it in your house. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. SIEBERT & SONS.

DR. PIERCE'S "FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION" perfectly and permanently cures those diseases peculiar to females. It is tonic and nerve, effectually allaying and curing those sickening sensations that affect the stomach and heart, through reflex action. The backache and "dragging-down" sensations all disappear under the strengthening effects of this great restorative. By druggists.



ONLY FOR  
Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.  
Use PERRY'S MOOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION, it is reliable.  
For PIMPLES on the FACE, Blackheads and Fleshworms, ask your druggist for PERRY'S COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY, the Infallible Skin Medicine.  
Send for circular.  
BRENT GOOD & Co., 57 Murray St., New York.

**SICK HEADACHE**  
**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**  
Positively Cured by these Little Pills.  
They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Bile, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents. 5 vials by mail for \$1.00.  
CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.  
Sold by all Druggists.

### W. L. DOUGLAS

Best material, perfect fit, equals any \$5 or \$6 shoe every pair warranted. Take none unless stamped "W. L. Douglas's \$3.00 Shoe, warranted." Congress, Button and Lace. If you cannot get these shoes from dealers, send address on postal card to W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.



### TELEPHONES

Best Made: 5 Patents. Prices Low. Send for Illustration. HOLCOMB & CO., Cleveland, O.

### SPECIAL—MAY 1st, 1886

On above date there will be issued

"The People's Atlas of the World."

This book will have a very large and rapid sale, and agents desiring choice territory must apply at once.

FAULKNER & ALLAN, Managers,  
1215 Filbert St., Philad'a, Pa.



### Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

Renowned for the cure of Skin Diseases and for Beautifying the Complexion.

CAUTION—There are counterfeits; ask for Glenn's.

Sold by druggists, 25 cts.; 3 cakes, 60 cts.; mailed to any address on receipt of price and 5 cts. extra per cake.  
C. N. Crittenton, 115 Fulton St., N. Y.

### HIRES' IMPROVED ROOT BEER.

Packages, 25 cts. Makes 5 gallons of a delicious, sparkling and wholesome beverage. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cts. C. E. HIRES, 48 N. Delaware Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

### HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE, IN DEBILITY.

DR. W. H. HOLCOMBE, New Orleans, La., says: "I found it an admirable remedy for debilitated state of the system, produced by the wear and tear of the nervous energies."

### Mrs. Wister's New Translation.

### VIOLETTA.

A ROMANCE.

After the German of Ursula Züge von Mantuffel. 12mo. Cloth. \$1.25.

"It is a fair presumption that anything translated by Mrs. Wister is worthy of attention, for she has never yet deceived the public, and she has a singular facility for ascertaining and appreciating what the American reader wants. Her translations of Marlitt, Streckfuss, and others have met with deserved popularity, growing more and more extensive with each issue, until her latest work, 'The Lady with the Rubies,' stamped her as a literary discoverer and caterer with broad tastes and cosmopolitan impressions. 'Violetta' is not a whit less worthy than any of the previous Wister translations. In brief, this novel is thoroughly charming, and should receive a wide and growing circle of readers."—St. Louis Republican.

"This is a charming story, and, although romantic in tone, preserves the natural to an eminent degree. It is a story of German high life, and of course cannot be prosaic. In giving this book to the public Mrs. Wister has made an excellent selection from German light literature. It is a book that everybody can read with pleasure and profit."—Charleston News and Courier.

\*\* For sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by mail, postage prepaid, on receipt of the price, by J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, Publishers, 715 and 717 Market St., Philadelphia.

### A MOST DELICIOUS AND ELEGANT 1 Pound Box

For **\$1. CANDY**  
Postage Paid.  
CROFT & ALLEN,  
1226 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

### I HAVE SHAVED MYSELF

For over 30 YEARS always using the  
**GENUINE YANKEE SOAP.**  
It has no equal.  
K. MILLER, P. M., W. Farmington, O.  
For FIFTY YEARS used as a shaving soap. Standard for quality in U. S. Navy. Avoid imitations. Obtain it of your Druggist, or send 12c. in stamps for full size trial cake to the  
**J. B. WILLIAMS CO.**  
Glastonbury, Conn.  
Form by Williams & Bros. Manchester, 1846.

3,000 Rolls China Mattings, closing, White, \$4, \$5 and \$6; Fancy, \$6, \$8 and \$9; Extra, \$10, \$11, \$12—40 yds. to roll. Special offering, Fine Velvet Carpets, \$5c.; India Body, 50c.; Ingrains from 25c. Extensive assortment Rugs, Mats, etc. Low prices. ANDREW LESTER & Co., 739-741 B'way, N. Y.

### NO MORE RHEUMATISM

GOUT, Gravel, Diabetes. Speedy relief; harmless; infallible; 4 days' cure. French Vegetable Sali-cylates—box, \$1. Books free; thousands authentic references. L. A. PARIS, Gen'l Agt., 102 W. 14th St. N. Y. West'n Ag'ty: J. C. Fowler, M.D., Denver, Col.

### DAN'L SULLY'S Corner Grocery

—AND—  
**Capital Prize**  
**EN ROUTE.**

Address, W. O. WHEELER.

### HELP WANTED.

We will pay Agents a salary of \$50 to \$100 per month and expenses to travel and sell our goods to dealers, or \$40 a month and expenses to distribute circulars in your vicinity. Business honorable, permanent, pleasant & easily operated. All expenses advanced. SAMPLE CASES FREE. No stamps required. No humbug. We mean what we say. Address NATIONAL SUPPLY COMPANY, Bradford Block, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

### Golden Hair Wash

This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world. \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 Sixth Avenue, New York.

### WEBER PIANOS

Grand, Square, and Upright  
World renowned for their sympathetic purity of tone, great durability and singing quality.

A fine selection of all styles always on hand.

WAREHOUSES:  
Fifth Avenue, cor. W. 16th Street.

### Crosby's Vitalized Phosphites

THE BRAIN AND NERVE FOOD. Cures all Weaknesses and Nervous Derangements. Used by all Physicians. Druggists or by Mail, \$1. 56 WEST TWENTY-FIFTH ST., NEW YORK.



A predigested, non-irritating, easily assimilated food, recommended by hundreds of physicians, nurses, and mothers as the best of all prepared foods. It soothes, corrects, and nourishes even in the worst cases. INFANTS thrive as when on mothers' milk. INVALIDS relish it. Sold by druggists. Three sizes: 25 cts., 50 cts., \$1.00. Send for circulars and testimonials. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

### EPPS'S GRATEFUL-COMFORTING COCOA

### BOKER'S BITTERS

THE OLDEST AND BEST OF ALL  
**Stomach Bitters.**  
AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE. TO BE HAD IN QUARTS AND PINTS.  
L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manuf'r and Prop'r,  
78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

### WHITE and DECORATED

Fine French China & Best Porcelain AT LOW PRICES.

Fine White Porcelain Dinner Sets, 100 pieces, \$12.00  
Fine White French China Dinner Sets, 100 pcs. 22.00  
Gold-band China Tea Sets, 44 pcs., \$8.50; white 7.50  
Richly Decorated China Tea Sets, 44 pieces 12.00  
Decorated Chamber Sets, 10 pieces, \$4; white 3.00  
Decorated Dinner Sets, all colors and designs 20.00  
Decorated Parlor & Brass Hanging Lamps, etc. 5.00

ALSO ALL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

Illustrated Catalogue and Price List mailed free on application. Estimates and information furnished. HADLEY'S, 1-17 Cooper Institute, N. Y. City. Orders packed and placed on car or steamer free of charge. Sent C. O. D. or on receipt of P. O. M. Order.

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Don't pay exorbitant rental fees to the Bell Telephone Company to use their Telephones on lines less than two miles in length. A few months' rental buys a first-class Telephone that is no infringement and works splendidly on lines for private use on any kind of wire, and works good in stormy weather. It makes homes pleasant; annihilates time; prevents burglaries; saves many steps, and is what every business man and farmer should have to connect stores, houses, depots, factories, colleges, etc., etc. The only practical and reliable Telephone that is sold outright and warranted to work. Chance for agents. No previous experience required. Circulars free. WM. L. MORTON, Buffalo, N. Y.

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**CEDAR CHESTS**  
KEEP MOTHS DUST AND DAMP FROM CLOTHING ASK FOR CIRCULAR  
TERRY SHOW CASE CO  
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**DEAFNESS** its CAUSES and CURE, by one who was deaf twenty-eight years. Treated by most of the noted specialists of the day with no benefit. Cured himself in three months, and since then hundreds of others by same process. A plain, simple and successful home treatment. Address T. S. PAGE, 126 East 25th St., New York City.

### OPIUM HABIT.

Sure cure in 10 to 30 days. Sanitarium treatment, or medicines by express. 15 years established. Book free. Dr. Marsh, Quincy, Mich.

### NO MORE CATARRH.

The Great German Remedy is a positive cure. Free sample package and book for 4 cts. in stamps. E. H. MEDICAL CO., East Hampton, Conn.

### QUICK

sales and big profits easily made by men or women. More than \$40 per week. We guarantee the very best chance in America for live men and women to make money. An agent writes: "Your plan brings the money quick." Morrill Mfg Co. (H.B. 114) Chicago.

### PILES.

Instant relief. Final cure in 10 days, no salve, no suppository. Sufferers will learn of a simple remedy free, by addressing C. J. MASON, 78 Nassau St., N. Y.

**PERFEZ** ONE strengthens, enlarges and develops any part of the body, \$1. Nervous debility pills, \$1, postpaid. Address, N. E. MEDICAL INST., No. 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

### TO LADIES! CORPUS LEAN

Are you Corpulent? CORPUS LEAN is a Safe, Permanent and Healthy Flesh Reducer—Ten to Fifteen Pounds a Month. NO POISON. ADIPO-MALINE never fails to permanently develop the Bust and Form. Non-injurious. BEAUTY of Face and Form secured to every Lady using our Toilet Requisites. Unexcelled in America for removing Skin Blemishes, Fleck Worms, (Black-Heads), Wrinkles, Pock-Marks, etc. Send 10c. (stamps or silver) for Particulars, Testimonials, Circulars, etc., by Return Mail. Mention article wanted. Chichester Chemical Co. 2515 Madison Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

### OPIUM MORPHINE HABITS

quickly and painlessly cured at home. Free Trial Course to all. EDWIN A. REED, EDY CO., Lafayette, Ind.

### RUPTURE

Cured by Dr. J. A. Sherman's Method. No operation. 251 Broadway, N. Y. Descriptive pamphlet mailed for 10 cts.



## Sore Eyes

The eyes are always in sympathy with the body, and afford an excellent index of its condition. When the eyes become weak, and the lids inflamed and sore, it is an evidence that the system has become disordered by Scrofula, for which Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best known remedy.

Scrofula, which produced a painful inflammation in my eyes, caused me much suffering for a number of years. By the advice of a physician I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using this medicine a short time I was completely

### Cured

My eyes are now in a splendid condition, and I am as well and strong as ever.—Mrs. William Gage, Concord, N. H.

For a number of years I was troubled with a humor in my eyes, and was unable to obtain any relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has effected a complete cure, and I believe it to be the best of blood purifiers.—C. E. Upton, Nashua, N. H.

From childhood, and until within a few months, I have been afflicted with Weak and Sore Eyes. I have used for these complaints, with beneficial results, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and consider it a great blood purifier.—Mrs. C. Phillips, Glover, Vt.

I suffered for a year with inflammation in my left eye. Three ulcers formed on the ball, depriving me of sight, and causing great pain. After trying many other remedies, to no purpose, I was finally induced to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and,

### By Taking

three bottles of this medicine, have been entirely cured. My sight has been restored, and there is no sign of inflammation, sore, or ulcer in my eye.—Kendall T. Bowen, Sugar Tree Ridge, Ohio.

My daughter, ten years old, was afflicted with Scrofulous Sore Eyes. During the last two years she never saw light of any kind. Physicians of the highest standing exerted their skill, but with no permanent success. On the recommendation of a friend I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which my daughter commenced taking. Before she had used the third bottle her sight was restored, and she can now look steadily at a brilliant light without pain. Her cure is complete.—W. E. Sutherland, Evangelist, Shelby City, Ky.

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.



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By the use of this invention trousers are soon restored to their original length and shape, and the objectionable "bagging at the knee" is dispensed with.

The TENSION is obtained by a SCREWED ROD. The Rod is jointed, and the whole can be packed in a Case 17-in. by 6-in.

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Together 7,900 premiums, amounting to 2,189,000 Florins. The next redemption takes place on the

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Our Catalogue for 1886, of 140 pages, containing colored plates, descriptions and illustrations of the NEWEST, BEST and RAREST SEEDS and PLANTS, will be mailed on receipt of 6 cts. (in stamps) to cover postage.

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**A LIFE-SIZE**  
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**THE FINEST WORK**  
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To introduce my work into all parts of the United States, I will make you the following

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A Perfect Likeness, Elegant Frame, and Valuable Subscription, as follows:

A beautifully finished life-size Crayon Portrait, size, including frame,

**29 x 34.**  
(Erroneously reported in previous announcements as 24 x 28.)

Either from a photograph, tintype, or other copy—photograph preferred.

A frame of elegant and massive gilt or bronze. Total, regular price, \$35, for \$16.

For \$3.50 extra (total \$19.50), portrait will be a full life-size bust—size, including frame,

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Regular price, \$45, for \$19.50.

Furthermore, each portrait shall include one year's subscription, FREE, to either of the following publications:

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

I will have subscription paid and entered up in your name, and will send you publisher's receipt therefor, as soon as you examine, approve and take portrait—either the \$16 offer or that at \$19.50.

The enthusiastic letters of approval I receive from patrons accumulate daily. The following examples are all that space will admit of here:

FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
MRS. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor,  
53, 55 & 57 Park Place,  
New York, April 19th, 1886.

MR. F. MYERS, 116 West 23d St., N. Y.:

Dear Sir: Permit me to say that the full-length crayon portrait of myself, executed by you, surprises me. I did not think such perfect and beautiful results could have been produced from the photograph. I am very much pleased with it, and I shall not forget to make mention of the excellence of your work whenever occasion presents itself.

Yours truly,  
MRS. FRANK LESLIE.

C. L. LUND, Real Estate, Algona, Iowa, writes,

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"Crayon portrait arrived in good condition to-day, and I was highly pleased with it. It is in every way satisfactory. I have given it a prominent place in my office, and am inviting everybody to come in and look at it."

W. C. EATON, P. A. Engineer U. S. Navy, writes from U. S. S. Alliance, Navy Yard, Norfolk, Va., April, 1886:

"The crayon came to hand to-day, and I can only say that I am delighted with it, and as surprised as pleased that I received so much for so small a price. I confess that, remembering prices I have usually paid for much inferior crayons, I was in doubt up to the time of receipt lest there should prove to be a failure somewhere, and was prepared to be disappointed, though your letter had a very reassuring effect. However, on opening the box all question vanished. I am much pleased, both with the faithfulness and beautiful work of the portrait and with the excellence of the frame. Please accept my thanks for your care and promptness."

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P. O. Box 526,  
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ATHLETIC TRAINER AT PRINCETON COLLEGE.

PRINCETON, N. J., Jan. 21, 1886.

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I have used Allcock's Plasters successfully in walking matches, when the legs became tired and swollen with over-exertion, by covering the important muscles with them.

It is my unreserved opinion—an opinion formed after considerable experience—that Allcock's Porous Plasters are a most efficacious and valuable remedy.

JAMES ROBINSON.



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It takes out all wrinkles, all bagging from the knees, and puts a pair of Trousers in perfect shape. Lasts a lifetime. Sent postpaid to any P. O. in U. S. on receipt of \$1.00.

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